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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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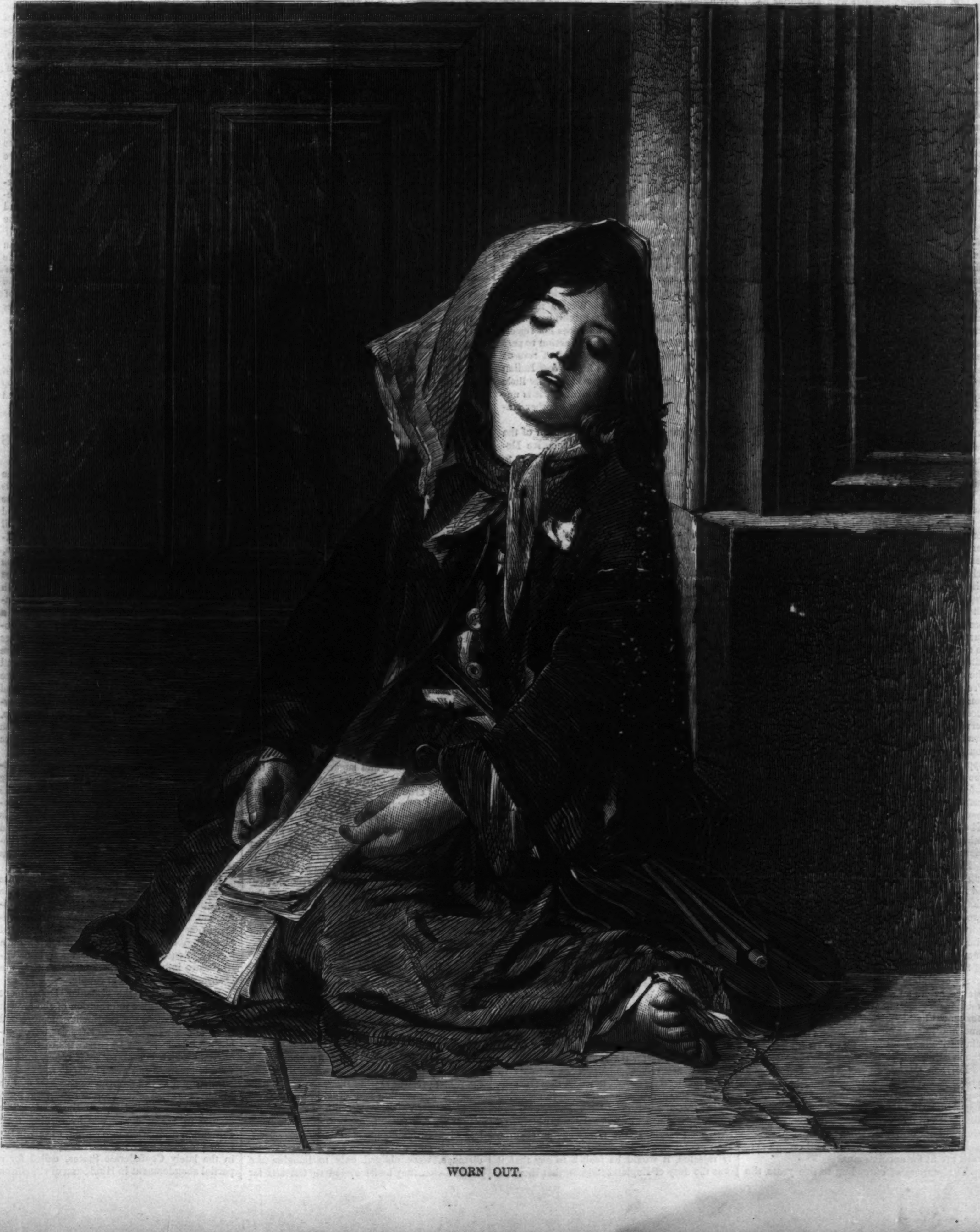


WORN OUT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 15, 1870.

SENATOR SCHURZ'S CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

It will be long before so favorable a moment as the present will be found for the reform of the civil service. The President indicates his sympathy with it in saying in his Message: "There has been no hesitation in changing officials in order to secure an efficient execution of the laws; sometimes, too, when, in a mere party view, undesirable political results were likely to follow. Nor has there been any hesitation in maintaining efficient officials against remonstrance wholly political." Secretary Cox, in a most forcible and conclusive manner, urges the imperative necessity of some change in the system. He declares that for months after the appointment of the head of a Department it is almost impossible for him to become familiar with his duties because of the office-seeking pressure. Mr. Cox's testimony is most valuable, and confirms the judgment of all thoughtful men. Senator Trumbull, anxious, in the spirit of Mr. Henry Adams's article upon the subject in the *North American Review*, to keep inviolable the constitutional functions of the Executive in the matter of appointments, has introduced a bill to prevent Congressional brokerage in office; and Senator Schurz, on the 20th of December, presented a comprehensive bill for the thorough reorganization of the civil service, which he explained in a few concise and luminous remarks.

The bill of Mr. Jenckes, in the House, affected only the officers appointed by the heads of Departments, but that of Mr. Schurz includes also those who are appointed by the President and Senate, excepting the members of the Cabinet, foreign ministers, judges and clerks of the United States courts, and the officers of both Houses of Congress. The remarks of Mr. Schurz show that he fully comprehends the absurdity and the peril of the present system. The principle of his bill is that of Mr. Jenckes and of the English system, namely, examination and probation, which has been thoroughly tested and approved by experience. He proposes a board of nine commissioners—the Civil Service Board—to be appointed by the President and Senate. They are to be divided into three classes of three persons each: the first class to hold for four years, the second eight, and the third twelve, unless sooner removed, and their successors to be appointed for twelve years. The President may suspend a commissioner and report to the Senate, as under the present Tenure-of-Office bill. The annual salary of each commissioner is to be six thousand dollars, and there are to be three clerks and a messenger.

The Board is to prescribe the qualifications for appointment into each grade of the civil service; to provide for examinations and investigations of all persons who present themselves, dividing the country into convenient districts; to examine personally or by those especially designated; and to report annually all proceedings and results to Congress. The preference for appointments by the heads of Departments is to be given in order of precedence in examination and probation; and a list of the candidates for Presidential appointment, with the consent of the Senate, shall be sent to the President and Senate, with the certificate of the commission as to merit and fitness. When the Board begins its work any officer now in the service may be required by the President or head of Department to be examined, and if found incompetent may be dismissed; but if approved shall hold office for five years from the date of his commission, unless sooner removed according to the act; and all appointments hereafter made, with the exceptions named in the bill, shall be for eight years. The bill is very carefully drawn, and contains other provisions essential to a uniform and efficient system.

Mr. Schurz, like Mr. Jenckes, understanding where the opposition will be made, explained in his remarks that, of course, no examination can test business ability; but a year of probation and practice will do it much more surely than no trial at all, as at present. And during that year the appointing power may remove without question.

So, also, it would be unreasonable to order every candidate for a small post-office, for instance, before an examining board. The commissioners may, therefore, by general rules determine what inquiries concerning character and ability shall take the place of formal examinations—the result to be scrutinized by the commission.

Further, the bill preserves the constitutional prerogative of the President by merely presenting to him a list of candidates who have been found fit; or he may, at his pleasure, send a candidate to be examined. Thus the commission will not designate what person shall be appointed, but will simply certify that certain persons are fit for appointment.

The purpose of extending to five years the term of the present officers is to give a new administration, should it be composed of new persons, knowledge of the state of the service and experience. The term of eight years for Presidential appointments under the bill gives the country, in the first place, the services of experienced and efficient officers; and, secondly, will carry a large number of them through two administrations, and so practically show the people that the civil service need not be a mere party machine. And the provision that officers are to be removed only for cause, and upon fair trial, will inspire them to base their claims upon good conduct.

Mr. Schurz, in closing, said that the obstacles which such a reform must encounter were not unknown to him. Nor are they to any of its friends. The strength of the reform lies in its essential reason and good sense; in the economy and efficiency which it will introduce into the public service; in the consequently elevated reputation of that service and its officers; in the moderation of the perilous fury of a Presidential election; and in the purification of politics. Those who are persuaded that universal official corruption is unavoidable will wonder that any body should try to help it. Those who don't think so will try, and will reform it.

GOOD FAITH WITH DENMARK.

We expressed the hope some weeks since that the Secretary of State and the Danish Minister would extend the time within which the St. Thomas treaty might be ratified; and we are glad to know that they have done so, and that the matter is now open until the 14th of April, 1870. Before that time we hope that the Senate will ratify the treaty. It must not be supposed, however, that little Denmark is a suppliant to the United States. The Executive of the United States begged Denmark to make the treaty, but Denmark declined. The entreaty was renewed more urgently, and Denmark, in the most friendly spirit, listened. And after ascertaining as accurately as possible what the probable action of our Government would be, submitted the question of separation to the people of St. Thomas, accepted their decision, and negotiated the treaty. We, on the contrary, have treated it with the utmost contempt. The Senate does not ratify, and does not reject. It permits the stipulated terms of action to pass unnoticed, and, while the Government refuses to conclude the negotiations for a West Indian station, in which the dignity of a friendly little power and its own honor are involved, it is understood to be bargaining to hire another station.

The argument against the ratification of the St. Thomas treaty is, that the Executive Department of the Government has no right to bind the country by its real-estate transactions, and that the Danish authorities knew that the Senate is the treaty-making power. But what Denmark knew was that the President may make treaties with the consent of the Senate; and it had a right to infer, when the President and his chief Secretary warmly urged a treaty for territory in the West Indies, just after the Senate had ratified a treaty for territory at the north pole upon exactly the same initiation, that the Senate would not reject it. Moreover, Denmark privately and properly consulted the disposition of Senators, and found it not unfavorable. If ever a country was drawn on by another to conclude a treaty, Denmark was drawn by the United States. The Senate had not, indeed, officially acted. Technically, but not morally or honorably, the defense is valid.

Nor is it reasonable to allege that, if this treaty is ratified every Secretary of State may bargain for territory at his pleasure. After the experience of this treaty, known to every government, it will be surprising if the overtures of the United States Ministers upon the part of the Executive are not every where and instantly met by the remark, "Sir, the St. Thomas affair warns us to take no steps whatever until we ascertain that you or the President or the Secretary are authorized to speak for the Senate of the United States." If neither the word and act of the President, who is a constitutional part of the treaty-making power, nor those of the Secretary of State, who is the foreign Minister, nor those of the embassador of the United States to any other government, confirmed by the Senate, can be supposed to furnish any clew to the feelings and wishes of the Senate, it will be but a sign of good sense and self-respect upon the part of other governments if they await some authorized expression of the Senatorial will. When it is proved that the embassador of the sovereign does not speak for him, that officer will, of course, become a wholly useless and unimportant personage. But, meanwhile, those who have believed otherwise will have all precedent and the proprieties of the case to plead for them.

If Mr. Motley should propose a treaty to the English Government, to which that Government assented, it would be justified in believing that it was the will of the President, who had nominated him, and of the Senate, which had confirmed him. If the treaty should then be left in contempt by the Senate, or ignominiously rejected, it would be foolish to say that it was the duty of England to know that the Senate is the treaty-making power. England does know it; but it knows also that an agent unanimously confirmed, unless he is bribed or lunatic, necessarily represents the views of the principal. But to ask that other countries shall discriminate in the persons of our Ministers between those who do and those who do not sympathize politically with the majority of the Senate is ludicrous. Foreign governments know that the people are the government in this country; that the people elect a President; that the President nominates foreign Ministers; that the Senate confirms them; and those governments can not help supposing that, when the Minister arrives, he is actually the representative which his method of appointment implies. When he proposes, urges, entreats a certain course of that foreign government, it must, supposing him to be honest and competent, believe that he expresses the wish of his own government.

That is the position in which our little friend and ally, Denmark, finds herself at this moment. Trusting to our good faith, and yielding to our entreaties, she has polled the people of St. Thomas, and they vote to join us. She considers that our honor is fully pledged, and we can see why. Meanwhile, the necessity of a West Indian station has become so apparent that we are negotiating for hiring the Bay of Samana. Why, then, under all the circumstances, should the Senate hesitate to ratify the treaty which gives us a central and noble West Indian port, and a small and friendly population which is divided by no doubts of its desire of annexation to the United States? It is a question in all its bearings for statesmen, not for attorneys, to decide.

THE OPENING OF THE COUNCIL.

"Whoever has been in Rome is well acquainted with the Piazza Barberini," says Hans Christian Andersen, in beginning the "Improvisatore." But still truer is it that that happy traveler is familiar with St. Peter's, and today, as he reads the splendid story of the opening of the Œcumenical Council, at which he was not present, he may comfort himself by reflecting that most of the spectators were in the plight of Yankee Doodle, who "said he couldn't see the town, there were so many houses." The scene was memorable and unique, for it is but the nineteenth Council during all the duration of the Roman Church; but the throng was so immense, and the consequent obstruction so great, that undoubtedly the traveler who has seen the ordinary ceremonies of Holy-week at St. Peter's has better appreciated the peculiar pomp of the Church, and more fully enjoyed it.

Fortunately for those of us who are at home, our newspapers have had accomplished correspondents upon the spot, who could understand as well as see, and whose literary skill has enabled them vividly to reproduce the color and form of the great occasion. Indeed, nothing is more observable in the management of the daily papers than the increasing value and interest of their foreign correspondence. They are organizing the news of Europe as they have already organized that of the United States, and the two chief foreign events of the winter—the opening of the Suez Canal and of the Œcumenical Council—have been described with a freshness and fullness unrivaled by the English or French press. There was nothing like it hitherto, except Mr. Raymond's admirable letters during the Italian War. But what in that case was exceptional has now become the rule. Indeed the ascendency in enterprise of the English daily press over ours, which was formerly undeniable, is now wholly at an end. And when the American press is as self-respectful as it is intelligent and enterprising, it will be what the press of a free country ought to be.

The most striking and suggestive fact in the descriptions of the opening Council is that St. Peter's was crowded; not only full but crowded—and so crowded that the swaying of the vast multitude was appalling and menacing to life and limb. Indeed, by the time the procession moved from the Vatican, which is a part of the huge pile of building, to the church, it was impossible to stir in half of the great square in front of St. Peter's, so solid was the throng. In the church itself the correspondent of the London *Times* was carried by the resistless, living current out of sight and sound of the ceremony. Of course very few of the eager and pressing multitude could see the spectacle. They knew that the procession of dignitaries, such as centuries has not seen, gathered from all the world—robed in violet, scarlet, and gold,

> "Clothed in white samite; mystic, wonderful,"

was passing but a little way from them, yet invisible. Far away in the transept, which was the Council hall, screened from the nave, they indistinctly heard the lofty chant, and knew that the procession was entering, and the robed prelates seating themselves, like gorgeous clouds settling and clinging to the sides of the hall. Yet they saw nothing.

But we can fancy it all as well as the luckless wights who, standing in the glorious basilica itself and within easy seeing and hearing distance, were obliged only to imagine the scene which they had traveled so fast and far and furiously to behold. And again we say that those who on Easter-Sunday have heard the sublime summons from the Papal choir at the great doors of St. Peter's, answered by the choir within, and have then seen those great doors open and the Pope borne in his undulating throne with the barbaric *flabella*, above the glittering ecclesiastical multitude, then descending to kneel at the high altar beneath "the Pantheon hung in air," have seen the utmost splendor of spectacle of which even the Roman Church is capable.

For more than seven hours the ecclesiastical ceremonies of every kind at the opening of the Council continued, and then the Pope retired; all those in the hall who were not of the Council were ordered to withdraw, and the Council itself adjourned. Its sessions were resumed at the end of the week for preliminary and formal business; but the serious work will not begin until after Epiphany, the 6th of January. The air, of course, is full of rumors. The most interesting are those which relate to the great dogma of the Papal infallibility, one of the two points upon which the heart of the Pope has been fixed. The other, the exaltation of the Virgin Mary, he has decreed, and it has been accepted. But the Infallibility can not be promulgated without a convulsion of his Church. The allocution, or opening speech of the Pope, is like the Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of 1864. In the breaking of chains, in the increase of knowledge, in the higher welfare of the greater number of human beings, in the removal of abuses, in the extinction of superstition, in the emancipation of civilization from the mortmain of ecclesiasticism, the Pope sees only the ravages of Satan; and if only he were proclaimed infallible Satan might be bound!

As the allocution, or defiance of the nineteenth century, is read and pondered the benign face of Pius disappears, the gold and scarlet pomp of the Council fades away, the vast multitude is dissipated, St. Peter's itself shrivels like a scroll, and the amused human mind sees nothing but Sydney Smith's Dame Partington at Taunton. "In the midst of this sublime storm Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

CONSULS TO FURNISH STATISTICS OF FOREIGN CROPS.

Our article on this subject, published on the 23d of October, urging that our foreign consuls shall be required to furnish reports from time to time of the state and condition, before and after harvest, of those productions of the soil of foreign countries which enter into competition in British and other markets with our own, having been republished in the *Contra Costa Gazette*, of Pacheco, California, its editor has obligingly furnished us with the paper, and with information that Mr. Sargent, Member of Congress from the district of which Pacheco is a part, had on the 7th of December, 1869, introduced a bill into the House of Representatives designed to accomplish that object. The scope of the bill is thus announced "to procure and disseminate information of the extent of the cereal and other crops in foreign countries, and to require our consuls abroad to furnish quarterly statements of the condition of the crops. The object of the bill is to furnish information to farmers, to enable them to sell or hold crops in view of the demand in foreign markets."

The success of all our industries in the United States depends, in great part, upon making the most we can of our cotton and breadstuffs sold abroad; but yet British India, which is regarded as our chief competitor in cotton, is known to us only through British sources, and our information of the quantity of food produced by important foreign agricultural states is derived also from that quarter.

It is clear, as we present full and accurate statistics of what we are expected to produce from time to time, as well as of the final production, that we ought to obtain equally full information of the crops expected and gathered in foreign countries. We shall not be on a footing of equality with purchasers from us until we are informed of their wants as they are informed of our means of supply.

In former years the Consular Department was required to give information of the growth of tobacco, etc., on the continent of Europe and in some other localities, and reports were published by one of the Departments of the government which contained some other, but not very full statistics of any production.

For the first time in the experience of this country the price of our crop of cotton was fixed in 1868–1869 by the planters in the South. The famine in India, occasioned by turning their cultivation from grain into cotton, to satisfy the want produced by the disturbances to industry in the lately Confederate States, called for a partial abandonment in Hindostan of the cotton cultivation, and before the proper equilibrium could be reached in India, the Southern planter had sold his crop. Although mills were stopped in Lancashire, and every effort was made to affect the price of cotton in America, the planter was firm, and he has been rewarded with contributions drawn from the cotton manufacturers of all countries.

Of the crop of 1868–1869 Europe took over fourteen hundred thousand bales; more than eight hundred thousand were consumed in the Northern and Western States; and the residue, less than two hundred thousand bales, was manufactured in Virginia and other Southern States.

Inasmuch as the manufacture of cotton, not only abroad but here, has lately been prosecuted, if not at a loss, certainly without the usual profit, it is not certain that the present price of the staple will be maintained during the year, unless the consumption of cloth shall be largely increased throughout the world. England is endeavoring to stimulate the production of the staple in India, with a view to obtain cheap cotton; and a powerful contest will arise between the producers in this country and the English as to which shall fix the price hereafter.

So far as concerns the market value of our breadstuffs, it has been ordinarily adjusted by the English, as they are the chief customers for what we export. Owing, however, to the scarcity of grain in 1867–1868, both here and in England, the price ruled high, as it was necessary, in order to supply the foreign demand, to induce the most distant farmers in Minnesota and elsewhere to haul their surplus to the nearest market. In 1868–1869, however, notwithstanding the severe drought in England and upon the Continent, the price of our grain was fixed at London and Liverpool, but it was from the use of uncommon activity, if not dexterity. Our agricultural reports had furnished exact knowledge of what our crops were supposed to be; and as they were thought to be large, the English, by abstaining from buying at New York, and by flooding all grain-growing countries with their agents, whose information was published by experts, produced the impression that they could obtain elsewhere all that they wanted; and they were ultimately able to purchase from us at their own limits. An active demand from England has largely been supplied during the present season from this country, under the disadvantage to us that her dealers have full information of the surplus which every region can spare, and that we know only what we have to sell.

The drought which visited the sea-board from June until the autumnal storm, and the heavy rains at harvest time, so damaged our crops of corn and wheat that the question is one of vast interest to the United States—what ought to be charged to the foreigner for our diminished surplus? If the opinion is correct that England will be pinched to obtain from other countries her required import of seventy million bushels of wheat for the year 1869–1870, then, as we can not supply this quantity, including what we shall send from California, it is very material to know what will be the surplus of other grain-growing countries. The duties of our consular establishment, now that our foreign commerce is so much less than it was in *ante bellum* times, will not interfere with the most active prosecution of this inquiry. The service is indispensable to the United States, and as it can be rendered with little expense, the appropriate means should instantly be used to obtain and spread the requisite information before the country.

We hurry our immense cereal productions to market, not knowing whether it is better to hoard or to sell. Sometimes they are pressed upon the sea-board in excess of foreign or domestic wants; and the keen dealers from abroad then studiously obtain their supplies from other parts of the world in order that our market may be slaughtered from the supposed want of foreign demand, when they become free purchasers.

The cry of cheap cotton, which now resounds over all England, means that the residue of the world is expected to supply their productions at the lowest point, while at the same time the rewards of her manufacturing industry are expected to be large.

Her command of capital, her grain agents scattered every where, and her influence over other producers, enable her to prosecute the contest with us with great advantage; and this will continue until our consular establishment is carefully arranged under a competent bureau, and precise information of the character indicated shall be obtained from foreign countries and placed before our people.

We most respectfully urge upon Congress to pass this bill or some bill which will accomplish this object, and enable our own farmers to obtain as accurate information of what other nations produce as we furnish to the world of our productions.

GERMAN WORKING-MEN AT HOME.

German "working-men," that is, mechanics and operatives as distinguished from agriculturists and laborers, now constitute a very important part of the European emigration to America. The treaties already negotiated between the leading powers of Germany and the United States greatly facilitate this; and there can be no doubt that the German emigration will hereafter largely increase. The character of these emigrants to this country, all of whom will become citizens, is therefore worthy of careful study. For this purpose we select Elberfeld and Barmen, two large manufacturing towns in Prussia, each containing nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and so contiguous that they may be considered as one city.

At the outset, the Prussian artisan, almost of necessity, must have received a fair education. Until he reaches the age of fourteen years, a boy is by law prohibited from being employed in a manufactory; he must be kept at school, and the Prussian schools are, without doubt, the best in the world. When he becomes a workman his hours of labor are indeed more than with us. Twelve hours is a regular day's work, and this is often considerably exceeded, the workman being paid extra for the overtime. The rates of wages for the different trades are much more uniform than with us. A *thaler* (say 70 cents) a day is a fair average. The rent for apartments may be set down at a thaler a week. Meat costs twelve cents a pound, and is eaten once a day by respectable artisans and their families; the bread is commonly of rye, costing two cents a pound; a light beer, which is the universal beverage, costs two cents a quart. Clothing is cheap; three or four dollars will buy a good everyday suit; a respectable Sunday suit of cloth will cost from five to six dollars. Putting these expenses together, it will be seen that the Prussian artisan has very little left for superfluities; but it is the unanimous testimony of all who have examined the subject that for his thaler a day he and his family have an amount of comfort and respectability greater than is enjoyed by a like class in any country except our own. No wonder that the Prussian workman who, coming to America, retains his sober and industrious habits, almost invariably accumulates property. We say "sober" habits, for while there is no country where so much beer is consumed, there is no civilized land in which there is so little drunkenness.

In Elberfeld and Barmen there are five prominent institutions, managed by workmen, specially devoted to their moral and intellectual improvement. Let us look at one of these, the *Allgemeiner Bildung's-Verein* ("General Culture-Union"). Its rooms are in a plain house in a quiet street. As we enter we pass a counter where beer, tobacco, and other refreshments are sold. The floor is strewn with clean white sand; and about the room there are many small tables. Passing on, we enter the assembly-room, a large airy hall, furnished in the plainest manner. At the farther end is a desk from which lectures are delivered upon scientific, literary, social, and economical topics, politics being absolutely excluded. The floor is occupied with small tables, around each of which are half a dozen plain rush-bottomed chairs. During the ordinary lectures beer, coffee, tea, and tobacco are allowed. But ladies are frequently present, and then smoking, though not forbidden, is by tacit consent discontinued. After the lecture of the evening there is usually a debate. There are other rooms devoted to various amusements, and a very good library. The principal amusements are chess and draughts, all games of chance being prohibited.

Upon week-days there are concerts and theatrical performances in this hall, but they are not largely attended by the artisans. A man who has labored twelve hours is rarely inclined for amusement after his work is over. Sunday, or rather the afternoon and evening of the day, is the artisan's time for recreation. The shops are closed from nine o'clock till four, after which they, as well as places of amusement, are open. A favorite resort is the Johannisberg, a pleasure-garden in the outskirts of the town. A saloon, open on one side, which overlooks the garden, is crowded with chairs and tables. There is a stage for theatrical and musical performances, so placed as to be in view from both the saloon and the garden, so that the audience have the choice of the open air or of shelter. The garden has many trees, mostly chestnuts and limes, each of which forms a shade for a table and chairs. The charge for admission is five cents.

There is at Elberfeld and Barmen a civil tribunal which is well worthy of imitation in this country. It is called *Gewerbe Gericht*, or Artisan's Court; and its duty is to decide all questions arising between employers and operatives. When such a dispute arises, the humblest artisan may summon the most wealthy employer before this court, the cost of a summons being six cents. During the year 1868 there were 1405 cases brought before this court. Of these 1012 were arranged by agreement or arbitration between the parties; and of the remaining 393 the greater portion were settled by the presiding judge, without litigation.

These Prussian artisans are certainly among the most desirable class of emigrants to this country. Every possible encouragement should therefore be presented to them to come to us, and every facility afforded them to become American citizens. To this end it is a wise treaty that we have made with Prussia, which absolves every emigrant from that country to this, who becomes a citizen under our existing laws, from all obligations and liabilities as a subject of Prussia. His rights, should he return to Prussia, are precisely the same as if he were a citizen of the United States by birth. When men so intelligent and orderly become American citizens, we may be confident that they will always be in the best sense conservative; and it behooves politicians, especially in the city of New York, to understand this, and to know that, by whatever name they may choose to designate themselves or their party, when they become instigators or abettors of fraud or outrage, they will find the present and prospective German vote arrayed in solid phalanx against them; and that this vote will soon be sufficient to turn the scale against any corrupt "ring" or "clique."

THE STATE OF WINNIPEG.

When we said last week that the world was outwardly at peace excepting in Cuba and Paraguay, we forgot the Red River war, and the declaration of independence there: a situation which, it is already asserted, lays us under the obligation of declaring our neutrality. But apparently the war is ending before the Government has an opportunity to move, and, indeed, even before it is generally known what the war is about. The facts, however, are few and simple. The Red River country is that part of the British Northwest Territory which lies immediately north of Minnesota and Dakotah, and which is largely settled by French and half-breeds. The settlement has been subject to the Hudson Bay Company, within whose possessions it was included until its recent transfer to the Dominion of Canada. To this transfer the settlers object, and when Mr. M'Dougall, appointed Governor by the Canadian authorities, arrived with his council of Canadians to take possession, he was warmly resisted, and driven over the United States line. He has since been recalled, and the colony theoretically reverts to the control of the Hudson Bay Company.

The war seems thus far to have been very one-sided. There was a moment, indeed, when it was said that Governor M'Dougall meant to call upon the Indians as allies, and had he done so foolish a thing there might have been serious results. But it is at least doubtful whether the settlers will peacefully return to the old situation. The Company has shown that it has no interest in them, and a provisional government has been established under a declaration of independence, "in the name of the people of Rupert's Land and of the Northwest Territory." Who the leaders are who have made this declaration, or what their purpose may be, does not plainly appear. But if they persist, the result is tolerably clear. The character of the country forbids the expectation that the Dominion of Canada can obtain control of it; and when Canada relinquishes the attempt, should it make any, the State of Winnipeg will begin immediately to loom upon the northern horizon of the Union.

NOTES.

Mr. Sparrowgrass had become a name so familiar, and his book such a rural classic, that there must be a very large circle in the country that heard with sorrow of the recent death of Frederic S. Cozzens. He had been always engaged in business until late misfortunes, but his heart was always in literature; and he had a very sincere reverence for the Nestors of our letters, Irving and Halleck. His mind was quick and bright, and his humor was genuine. It was in quality not unlike that of "the Master," as he was fond of calling Irving—a humor transparent as water, flowing, sparkling, pure; and at its best without satire, yet never rising into volume nor justifying a place among humorists. Mr. Cozzens's—or, as he was always called, Fred Cozzens's—delight was literary leisure, the company of men of a certain cultivation and apprehension, with whom he could talk of books and tell anecdotes, with many a quip and crank by the way, and with the sparkling glass not far off. His political sympathies, however, were different from those of many of his friends, and there was sometimes a touch of asperity in his partisanship. But yet it was with him as with many others, partly impatience with what he supposed to be assumed humanity and morality. In other years Mr. Cozzens was a constant frequenter of the Century Club; and those who knew him there will always pleasantly remember his clever sallies at themselves and others, and associate him kindly with many a lively and friendly hour.

A very ingenious New Year's swindle, and so common that the attention of the Post-Office Department has been drawn to it, is the sending through the mails to country postmasters and others specimen copies of periodicals, with tempting offers of enormous commissions to solicitors of subscribers, and the most urgent requests to forward names and subscriptions at once, so as to begin with the year. These offers are so tempting that thousands of subscribers are obtained and their money forwarded. Up to this point every thing goes well. But at this point every thing suddenly stops—except the proprietor of the magazine, who retires from business, and sets off upon his travels. A gentleman found in some offices, which he had unwittingly rented to one of these swindlers, scores of parcels of letters from every part of the country written in response to the circulars, and specifying the amounts of money inclosed. During the occupation of the rooms they were furnished in the most expensive and luxurious manner, so that if any body in the rural districts was suspicious and wrote to some friend to investigate, every thing should appear to be satisfactory. The Department will do what it can to baffle these swindling efforts. But the only safe way for country postmasters, and all who receive prospectuses of magazines, with "great inducements" to agents and solicitors, is, notwithstanding the specimen numbers, to satisfy themselves whether there are such magazines, and whether there is likely to be a February and March as well as a January number.

To those who knew Mr. Peabody there is something very comical in the letter of Victor Hugo which associates John Brown and George Peabody in a common honor. There could not be two men more curiously different in every way, nor more entirely unsympathetic in every thought and opinion. Probably Mr. Peabody's view of John Brown was not very different from that of Vallandigham and James M. Mason; and if the banker ever saw the poet's drawing of the Charlestown execution, he undoubtedly thought Victor Hugo a charlatan. Mr. Peabody's political sympathies were those that Victor Hugo detested, while the one man in Europe who would have been especially antipathetic to the soft conservative soul of George Peabody was the fiery red republican Victor Hugo. That Hugo should have been solicited to write "a word" about him is droll; that he should have replied, "coupling in one thought of gratitude and respect John Brown, the friend of the slave, to George Peabody, the friend of the poor," is, however just the association, inexpressibly amusing.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A memorial, signed by a number of property holders and business men in Victoria, British Columbia, was on December 3 presented to the President by Mr. Vincent Collyer. The memorialists, while professing loyalty and attachment to the Queen, in view of the proposed severance from the mother country, are constrained by duty to themselves and their families to seek such political and commercial connections as will insure future prosperity. They set forth the disadvantages under which they labor, and view with alarm the intention to confederate them with the Dominion of Canada, for the reason that it can afford them neither protection, a market, nor population—their great want—nor can it satisfy any sentiment of loyalty or devotion, and that their interests are opposed, and the Canadian tariff would ruin Columbia; and, on the other hand, they detail the advantages to be derived from annexation to the United States. This memorial, it is said, will be followed by one of similar import, signed by the inhabitants of other British Columbian towns. The document was referred by the President to the Secretary of State.

Governor M'Dougall has been recalled, it is reported, by the Canadian Government, and has taken his departure from the Red River country. The territory reverts for the present to the control of the Hudson Bay Company, whose agents are suspected of instigating the revolt. Governor M'Dougall represents the insurrection as a trifling affair.

Governor Baker, of Indiana, announced his intention to recommend in his message to the next Legislature a reformation of the State laws governing the subject of divorce. The Legislature will not meet until January, 1871.

The Secretary of the Interior, in response to a resolution of Congress, states that the public land in the Southern States remaining unsold and unappropriated is 47,479,619 acres. The Virginias, the Carolinas, Georgia, Texas, Kentucky, and Tennessee have no public lands within their limits.

The funeral of the late Edwin M. Stanton took place at Washington December 27. The procession, notwithstanding a heavy rain, and the absence of official display, was imposing in the number, character, and official position of those present. The body was interred in Oak Hill Cemetery.

On the first day of the new year a man named V. W. Buckhout, in the village of Sleepy Hollow, on the Hudson, killed his wife and one Charles Randall, and seriously wounded Alfred Randall, father of the latter. Immediately after committing the crime he gave himself up. Insane jealousy is said to have been the cause of this tragedy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The new ministry of France is constituted as follows: *Minister of Justice*—M. Emile Ollivier. *Minister of the Interior*—M. Chevandier de Valdrome. *Minister of Foreign Affairs*—M. le Deputé Gaudin. *Minister of Commerce*—M. le Deputé Couvet. *Minister of Public Works*—M. Maurice Richard. The following members of the old ministry retain their positions in the new: M. Magne, Financial Secretary; M. Lebœuf, Minister of War; and Admiral Rigault, Minister of Marine.

The trial of Troppmann, for the murder of the Kinck family, closed in Paris December 30, in conviction and sentence to death.

The French Director-General of Telegraph Lines "corrects" the statement in President Grant's Message relating to the examination and control by the French Government of messages by the French cable, and says the Government does not control dispatches from America or elsewhere; but it is bound to see that messages are transmitted in the order in which they are filed or received at Brest, and that no clandestine dispatches are sent, and the Government thus defrauded of the revenue arising from its monopoly of the telegraphic business of the country.

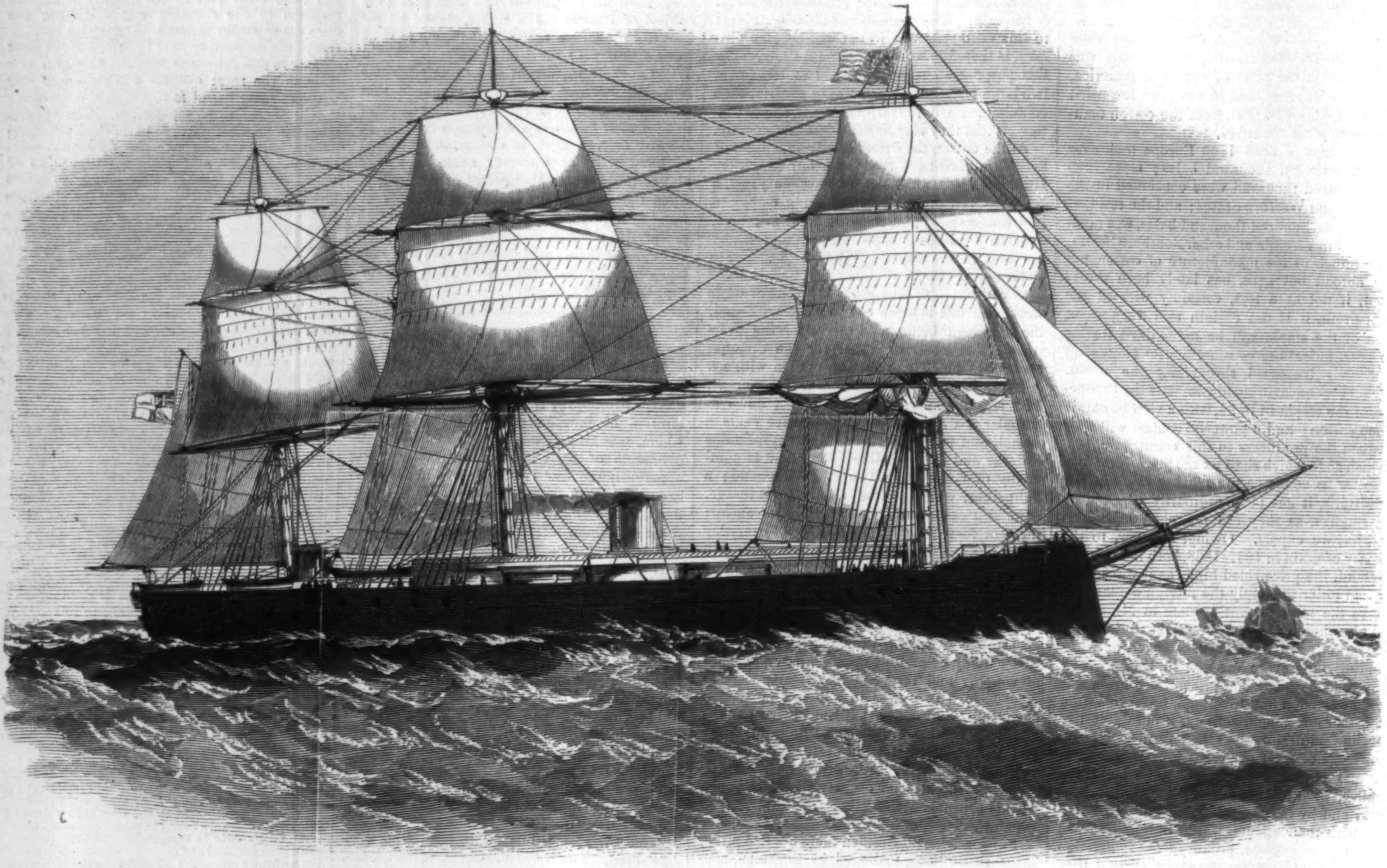
The Œcumenical Council held a five hours' discussion December 29, on the question whether philosophy is heterodox. Letters from Rome to English journals assert that the Pope's influence in the Council is diminishing.

It is reported from Constantinople that the Sultan has renewed his demand upon the Viceroy of Egypt to abandon the project of an iron-clad fleet, and that the demand is now made in the form of a violent message.

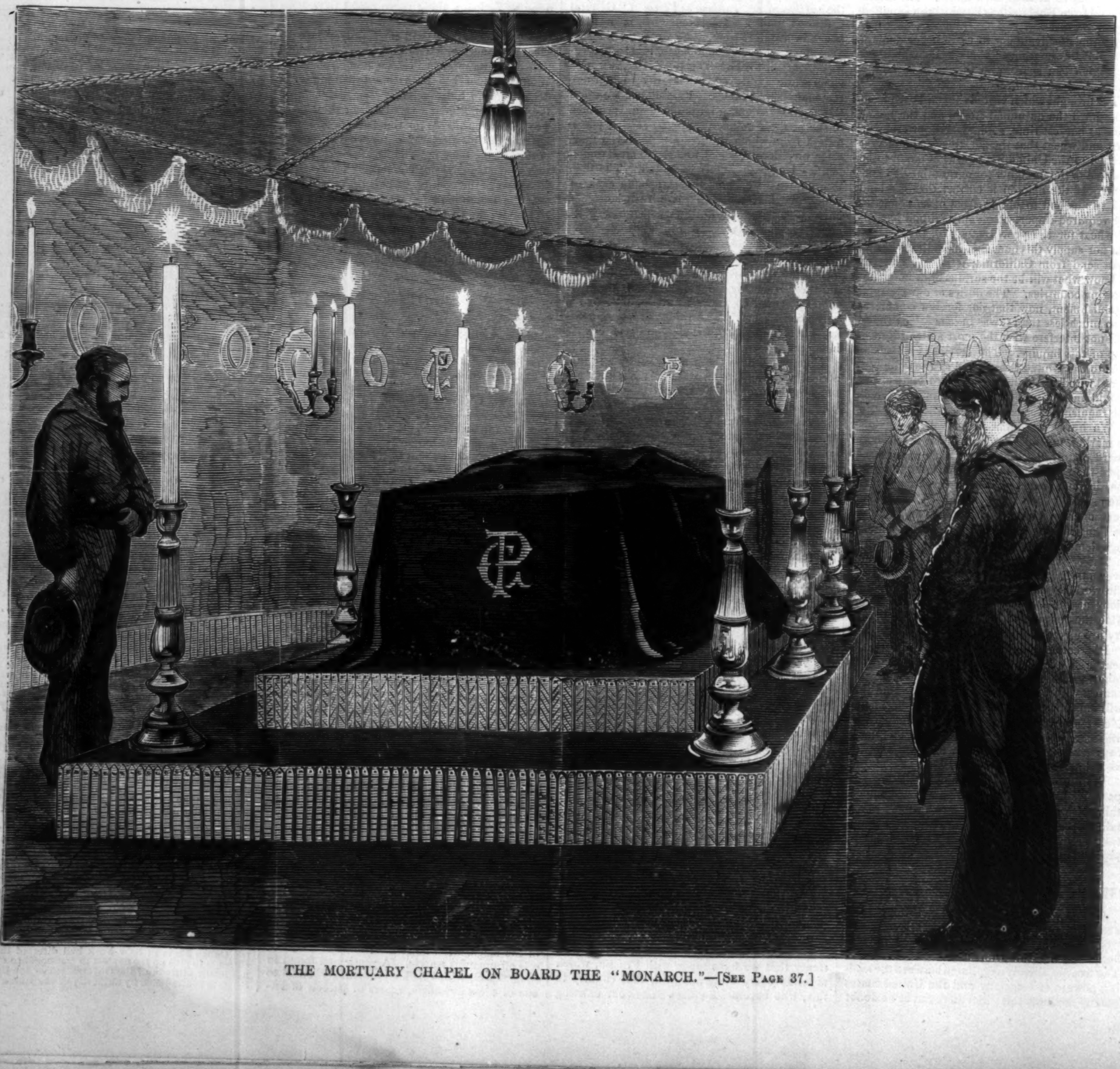
M. Lesseps contradicts the stories of danger in navigating the Suez Canal, and adds that the depth in the shallowest parts has been considerably increased.

Port-au-Prince, Hayti, was captured December 17 by the revolutionists. Salnave's forces made but little resistance, and "nobody was hurt."

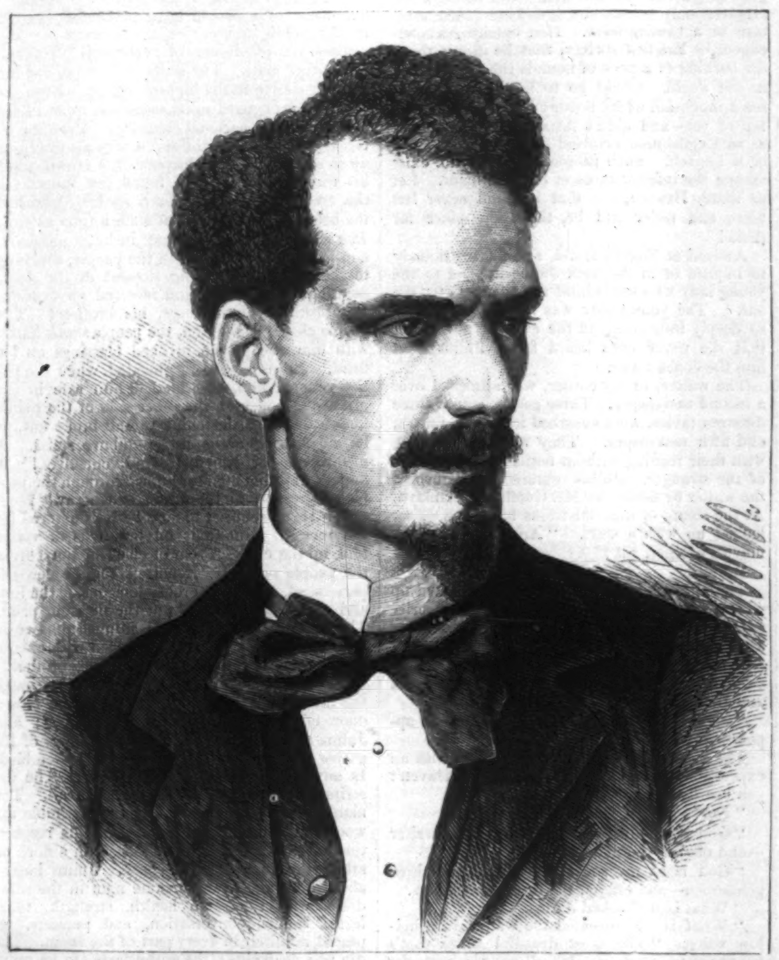
Advices from Cuba, in regard to the revolution, are as vague and contradictory as ever. Reports received in Washington announce that 700 Cuban insurgents had laid down their arms to Valmaseda, and that the chief Coca and his force had also surrendered. Other Spanish successes are also spoken of. A report that the Cuban Junta in New York had directed the insurgents to give up the contest in consequence of the unfriendly attitude of the Government of the United States is contradicted by authority of the Junta.



HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "MONARCH," BEARING THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. PEABODY TO THIS COUNTRY.—[SEE PAGE 37.]



THE MORTUARY CHAPEL ON BOARD THE "MONARCH."—[SEE PAGE 37.]



HENRI ROCHEFORT, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH CORPS LEGISLATIF.

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

ON this page we give a very striking likeness of **HENRI ROCHEFORT**, one of the most advanced, most audacious, and most dangerous of the radical politicians of France. Educated in newspapers, he first made his mark as a sharp, caustic, and fearless writer for the penny press of Paris, where his articles frequently drew down upon him the displeasure of the Government. The journals for which he wrote were often seized; but such was his popularity that the proprietors could well afford to lose an edition now and then, and regarded a seizure as rather a good card with the public. A few months ago he established a journal called *The Lantern* (*La Lanterne*), in which he attacked the Emperor and his government with great severity, and exposed them to the ridicule of the people. For this offense his paper, which speedily attained an enormous circulation, was confiscated, and ROCHEFORT was obliged to seek personal safety in flight. The Opposition party in Paris testified their confidence in him by electing him, while an exile, to represent them in the Corps Legislatif. It was supposed that the Government would prohibit his return, and certainly prevent him from taking his seat. Nevertheless ROCHEFORT ventured upon French soil again shortly before the commencement of the session; and beyond a slight annoyance from the police authorities when he made his reappearance, he has not been interfered with. The Emperor had learned wisdom, and came to the conclusion that the best way to deal with such a man was to let him alone. His popularity was, however, only partly the result of political persecution. Paris adores wit and courage, and ROCHEFORT possesses both in a very high degree. He is not a wise nor a great man, nor in any sense a statesman. He is only a smart and fearless partisan, on the right side of politics, who has the daring to seek popular notoriety by proclaiming aloud what thousands think in secret, but are afraid to speak above a whisper.

FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

OUR engraving on page 36 shows the British iron-clad *Monarch* on her voyage from England to this country, with the remains of the late Mr. **GEORGE PEABODY** on board. The body rests in a mortuary chapel, a view of which is given on the same page, erected in the stern of the ship, near the officers' cabins. The chapel is circular, with a cupola, and is draped with black cloth, looped up from the centre of the dome with white silk cords. Round the higher part of the structure are festoons of black drapery, fringed with white lace, and at the sides the initials "G. P." are picked out in white satin stitches. Alternately with the monograms are wreaths of *immortelles* and silver sconces of wax-lights. The coffin is placed on a bier in the centre of the chapel, and has on each side four huge silver-plated candlesticks, each three feet high, containing wax-candles of a proportionate size. Facing the entrance is an American eagle in a device of silver, with the inscription, "*E Pluribus Unum.*" Heavy folds of black curtain separate this construction from the rest of the ship. During the voyage the chapel was closed, and a guard of royal marines was stationed at the entrance.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THIRD SCENE.—LONDON.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

GEOFFREY AS A LETTER-WRITER.

LORD HOLCHESTER's servants—with the butler at their head—were on the look-out for Mr. Julius Delamayn's arrival from Scotland. The appearance of the two brothers together took the whole domestic establishment by surprise. All inquiries were addressed to the butler by Julius; Geoffrey standing by, and taking no other than a listener's part in the proceedings.

"Is my father alive?"

"His lordship, I am rejoiced to say, has astonished the doctors, Sir. He rallied last night in the most wonderful way. If things go on for the next eight-and-forty hours as they are going now, my lord's recovery is considered certain."

"What was the illness?"

"A paralytic stroke, Sir. When her ladyship telegraphed to you in Scotland the doctors had given his lordship up."

"Is my mother at home?"

"Her ladyship is at home to *you*, Sir."

The butler laid a special emphasis on the personal pronoun. Julius turned to his brother. The change for the better in the state of Lord Holchester's health made Geoffrey's position, at that moment, an embarrassing one. He had been positively forbidden to enter the house. His one excuse for setting that prohibitory sentence at defiance rested on the assumption that his father was actually dying. As matters now stood Lord Holchester's order remained in full force. The under-servants in the hall (charged to obey that order as they valued their places) looked from "Mr. Geoffrey" to the butler. The butler looked from "Mr. Geoffrey" to "Mr. Julius." Julius looked at his brother. There was an awkward pause. The position of the second son was the position of a wild beast in the house—a creature to be got rid of, without risk to yourself, if you only knew how.

Geoffrey spoke, and solved the problem.

"Open the door, one of you fellows," he said to the footmen. "I'm off."

"Wait a minute," interposed his brother. "It will be a sad disappointment to my mother to know that you have been here, and gone away again without seeing her. These are no ordinary circumstances, Geoffrey. Come up stairs with me—I'll take it on myself."

"I'm blessed if I take it on *my*self!" returned Geoffrey. "Open the door!"

"Wait here, at any rate," pleaded Julius, "till I can send you down a message."

"Send your message to Nagle's Hotel. I'm at home at Nagle's—I'm not at home here."

At that point the discussion was interrupted by the appearance of a little terrier in the hall. Seeing strangers, the dog began to bark. Perfect tranquillity in the house had been absolutely insisted on by the doctors; and the servants, all trying together to catch the animal and quiet him, simply aggravated the noise he was making. Geoffrey solved this problem also in his own decisive way. He swung round as the dog was passing him, and kicked it with his heavy boot. The little creature fell on the spot, whining piteously. "My lady's pet dog!" exclaimed the butler. "You've broken its ribs, Sir." "I've broken it of barking, you mean," retorted Geoffrey. "Ribs be hanged!" He turned to his brother. "That settles it," he said, jocosely. "I'd better defer the pleasure of calling on dear mamma till the next opportunity. Ta-ta, Julius. You know where to find me. Come, and dine. We'll give you a steak at Nagle's that will make a man of you."

He went out. The tall footmen eyed his lordship's second son with unaffected respect. They had seen him, in public, at the annual festival of the Christian-Pugilistic-Association, with "the gloves" on. He could have beaten the biggest man in the hall within an inch of his life in three minutes. The porter bowed as he threw open the door. The whole interest and attention of the domestic establishment then present was concentrated on Geoffrey. Julius went up stairs to his mother without attracting the slightest notice.

The month was August. The streets were empty. The vilest breeze that blows—a hot east wind in London—was the breeze abroad on that day. Even Geoffrey appeared to feel the influence of the weather as the cab carried him from his father's door to the hotel. He took off his hat, and unbuttoned his waistcoat, and lit his everlasting pipe, and growled and grumbled between his teeth in the intervals of smoking. Was it only the hot wind that wrung from him these demonstrations of discomfort? Or was there some secret anxiety in his mind which assisted the depressing influences of the day? There was a secret anxiety in his mind. And the name of it was—Anne.

As things actually were at that moment, what course was he to take with the unhappy woman who was waiting to hear from him at the Scotch inn?

To write? or not to write? That was the question with Geoffrey.

The preliminary difficulty, relating to addressing a letter to Anne at the inn, had been already provided for. She had decided—if it proved necessary to give her name, before Geoffrey joined her—to call herself Mrs., instead of Miss, Silvester. A letter addressed to "Mrs. Silvester" might be trusted to find its way to her, without causing any embarrassment. The doubt was not here. The doubt lay, as usual, between two alternatives. Which course would it be wisest to take?—to inform Anne, by that day's post, that an interval of forty-eight hours must elapse before his father's recovery could be considered certain? Or to wait till the interval was over, and be guided by the result? Considering the alternatives in the cab, he decided that the wise course was to temporize with Anne, by reporting matters as they then stood.

Arrived at the hotel, he sat down to write the letter—doubted—and tore it up—doubted again—and began again—doubted once more—and tore up the second letter—rose to his feet—and owned to himself (in unprintable language) that he couldn't for the life of him decide which was safest—to write or to wait.

In this difficulty, his healthy physical instincts sent him to healthy physical remedies for relief. "My mind's in a muddle," said Geoffrey. "I'll try a bath."

It was an elaborate bath, proceeding through many rooms, and combining many postures and applications. He steamed. He plunged. He simmered. He stood under a pipe, and received a cataract of cold water on his head. He was laid on his back; he was laid on his stomach; he was respectfully pounded and kneaded, from head to foot, by the knuckles of accomplished practitioners. He came out of it all, sleek, clear, rosy, beautiful. He returned to the hotel, and took up the writing materials—and behold the intolerable indecision seized him again, declining to be washed out! This time he laid it all to Anne. "That infernal woman will be the ruin of me," said Geoffrey, taking up his hat. "I must try the dumb-bells."

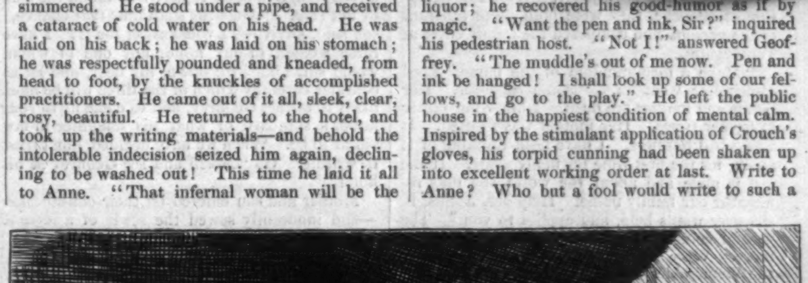
The pursuit of the new remedy for stimulating a sluggish brain took him to a public house, kept by the professional pedestrian who had the honor of training him when he contended at Athletic Sports.

"A private room and the dumb-bells!" cried Geoffrey. "The heaviest you have got."

He stripped himself of his upper clothing, and set to work, with the heavy weights in each hand, waving them up and down, and backward and forward, in every attainable variety of movement, till his magnificent muscles seemed on the point of starting through his sleek skin. Little by little his animal spirits roused themselves. The strong exertion intoxicated the strong man. In sheer excitement he swore cheerfully—invoking thunder and lightning, explosion and blood, in return for the compliments profusely paid to him by the pedestrian and the pedestrian's son. "Pen, ink, and paper!" he roared, when he could use the dumb-bells no longer. "My mind's made up; I'll write, and have done with it!" He sat down to his writing on the spot; he actually finished the letter; another minute would have dispatched it to the post—and, in that minute, the maddening indecision took possession of him once more. He opened the letter again, read it over again, and tore it up again. "I'm out of my mind!" cried Geoffrey, fixing his big bewildered blue eyes fiercely on the professor who trained him. "Thunder and lightning! Explosion and blood! Send for Crouch."

Crouch (known and respected wherever English manhood is known and respected) was a retired prize-fighter. He appeared with the third and last remedy for clearing the mind known to the Honorable Geoffrey Delamayn—namely, two pair of boxing-gloves in a carpet-bag.

The gentleman and the prize-fighter put on the gloves, and faced each other in the classically-correct posture of pugilistic defense. "None of your play, mind!" growled Geoffrey. "Fight, you beggar, as if you were in the Ring again, with orders to win." No man knew better than the great and terrible Crouch what real fighting meant, and what heavy blows might be given even with such apparently harmless weapons as stuffed and padded gloves. He pretended, and only pretended, to comply with his patron's request. Geoffrey rewarded him for his polite forbearance by knocking him down. The great and terrible rose with unruffled composure. "Well hit, Sir!" he said. "Try it with the other hand now." Geoffrey's temper was not under similar control. Invoking everlasting destruction on the frequently-blackened eyes of Crouch, he threatened instant withdrawal of his patronage and support unless the polite pugilist hit, then and there, as hard as he could. The hero of a hundred fights quailed at the dreadful prospect. "I've got a family to support," remarked Crouch. "If you *will* have it, Sir—there it is!" The fall of Geoffrey followed, and shook the house. He was on his legs again in an instant—not satisfied even yet. "None of your body-hitting!" he roared. "Stick to my head. Thunder and lightning! explosion and blood! Knock it out of me! Stick to the head!" Obedient Crouch stuck to the head. The two gave and took blows which would have stunned—possibly have killed—any civilized member of the community. Now on one side of his patron's iron skull, and now on the other, the hammering of the prize-fighter's gloves fell, thump upon thump, horrible to hear—until even Geoffrey himself had had enough of it. "Thank you, Crouch," he said, speaking civilly to the man for the first time. "That will do. I feel nice and clear again." He shook his head two or three times; he was rubbed down like a horse by the professional runner; he drank a mighty draught of malt liquor; he recovered his good-humor as if by magic. "Want the pen and ink, Sir?" inquired his pedestrian host. "Not I!" answered Geoffrey. "The muddle's out of me now. Pen and ink be hanged! I shall look up some of our fellows, and go to the play." He left the public house in the happiest condition of mental calm. Inspired by the stimulant application of Crouch's gloves, his torpid cunning had been shaken up into excellent working order at last. Write to Anne? Who but a fool would write to such a



"MEN OF MY SORT ARE NOT EASILY KILLED."

woman as that until he was forced to it? Wait and see what the chances of the next eight-and-forty hours might bring forth, and then write to her, or desert her, as the event might decide. It lay in a nut-shell, if you could only see it. Thanks to Crouch, he did see it—and so away, in a pleasant temper for a dinner with "our fellows" and an evening at the play!

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

GEOFFREY IN THE MARRIAGE MARKET.

THE interval of eight-and-forty hours passed—without the occurrence of any personal communication between the two brothers in that time.

Julius, remaining at his father's house, sent brief written bulletins of Lord Holchester's health to his brother at the hotel. The first bulletin said, "Going on well. Doctors satisfied." The second was firmer in tone. "Going on excellently. Doctors very sanguine." The third was the most explicit of all. "I am to see my father in an hour from this. The doctors answer for his recovery. Depend on my putting in a good word for you, if I can; and wait to hear from me further at the hotel."

Geoffrey's face darkened as he read the third bulletin. He called once more for the hated writing materials. There could be no doubt now as to the necessity of communicating with Anne. Lord Holchester's recovery had put him back again in the same critical position which he had occupied at Windygates. To keep Anne from committing some final act of despair, which would connect him with a public scandal, and ruin him so far as his expectations from his father were concerned, was, once more, the only safe policy that Geoffrey could pursue. His letter began and ended in twenty words:

"DEAR ANNE,—Have only just heard that my father is turning the corner. Stay where you are. Will write again."

Having dispatched this Spartan composition by the post, Geoffrey lit his pipe, and waited the event of the interview between Lord Holchester and his eldest son.

Julius found his father alarmingly altered in personal appearance, but in full possession of his faculties nevertheless. Unable to return the pressure of his son's hand—unable even to turn in the bed without help—the hard eye of the old lawyer was as keen, the hard mind of the old lawyer was as clear, as ever. His grand ambition was to see Julius in Parliament. Julius was offering himself for election in Perthshire, by his father's express desire, at that moment. Lord Holchester entered eagerly into politics before his eldest son had been two minutes by his bedside.

"Much obliged, Julius, for your congratulations. Men of my sort are not easily killed. (Look at Brougham and Lyndhurst!) You won't be called to the Upper House yet. You will begin in the House of Commons—precisely as I wished. What are your prospects with the constituency? Tell me exactly how you stand, and where I can be of use to you."

"Surely, Sir, you are hardly recovered enough to enter on matters of business yet?"

"I am quite recovered enough. I want some present interest to occupy me. My thoughts are beginning to drift back to past times, and to things which are better forgotten." A sudden contraction crossed his livid face. He looked hard at his son, and entered abruptly on a new question. "Julius!" he resumed, "have you ever heard of a young woman named Anne Silvester?"

Julius answered in the negative. He and his wife had exchanged cards with Lady Lundie, and had excused themselves from accepting her invitation to the lawn-party. With the exception of Blanche, they were both quite ignorant of the persons who composed the family circle at Windygates.

"Make a memorandum of the name," Lord Holchester went on. "Anne Silvester. Her father and mother are dead. I knew her father in former times. Her mother was ill-used. It was a bad business. I have been thinking of it again, for the first time for many years. If the girl is alive and about the world she may remember our family name. Help her, Julius, if she ever wants help, and applies to you." The painful contraction passed across his face once more. Were his thoughts taking him back to the memorable summer evening at the Hampstead villa? Did he see the deserted woman swooning at his feet again? "About your election?" he asked, impatiently. "My mind is not used to be idle. Give it something to do."

Julius stated his position as plainly and as briefly as he could. The father found nothing to object to in the report—except the son's absence from the field of action. He blamed Lady Holchester for summoning Julius to London. He was annoyed at his son's being there, at the bedside, when he ought to have been addressing the electors. "It's inconvenient, Julius," he said, petulantly. "Don't you see it yourself?"

Having previously arranged with his mother to take the first opportunity that offered of risking a reference to Geoffrey, Julius decided to "see it" in a light for which his father was not prepared. The opportunity was before him. He took it on the spot.

"It is no inconvenience to me, Sir," he replied, "and it is no inconvenience to my brother either. Geoffrey was anxious about you too. Geoffrey has come to London with me."

Lord Holchester looked at his eldest son with a grimly-satirical expression of surprise.

"Have I not already told you," he rejoined, "that my mind is not affected by my illness? Geoffrey anxious about me? Anxiety is one of the civilized emotions. Man in his savage state is incapable of feeling it."

"My brother is not a savage, Sir."

"His stomach is generally full, and his skin is covered with linen and cloth, instead of red ochre and oil. So far, certainly, your brother is civilized. In all other respects your brother is a savage."

"I know what you mean, Sir. But there is something to be said for Geoffrey's way of life. He cultivates his courage and his strength. Courage and strength are fine qualities, surely, in their way?"

"Excellent qualities, as far as they go. If you want to know how far that is, challenge Geoffrey to write a sentence of decent English, and see if his courage doesn't fail him there. Give him his books to read for his degree, and, strong as he is, he will be taken ill at the sight of them. You wish me to see your brother. Nothing will induce me to see him, until his way of life (as you call it) is altered altogether. I have but one hope of its ever being altered now. It is barely possible that the influence of a sensible woman—possessed of such advantages of birth and fortune as may compel respect, even from a savage—might produce its effect on Geoffrey. If he wishes to find his way back into this house let him find his way back into good society first, and bring me a daughter-in-law to plead his cause for him—whom his mother and I can respect and receive. When that happens, I shall begin to have some belief in Geoffrey. Until it does happen, don't introduce your brother into any future conversations which you may have with Me. To return to your election. I have some advice to give you before you go back. You will do well to go back to-night. Lift me up on the pillow. I shall speak more easily with my head high."

His son lifted him on the pillows, and once more entreated him to spare himself.

It was useless. No remonstrances shook the iron resolution of the man who had hewed his way through the rank and file of political humanity to his own high place apart from the rest. Helpless, ghastly, snatched out of the very jaws of Death, there he lay, steadily distilling the clear common-sense which had won him all his worldly rewards into the mind of his son. Not a hint was missed, not a caution was forgotten, that could guide Julius safely through the many political ways which he had trodden so safely and so dextrously himself. An hour more had passed before the impenetrable old man closed his weary eyes, and consented to take his nourishment and compose himself to rest. His last words, rendered barely articulate by exhaustion, still sang the praises of party manœuvres and political strife. "It's a grand career! I miss the House of Commons, Julius, as I miss nothing else!"

Left free to pursue his own thoughts, and to guide his own movements, Julius went straight from Lord Holchester's bedside to Lady Holchester's boudoir.

"Has your father said any thing about Geoffrey?" was his mother's first question as soon as he entered the room.

"My father gives Geoffrey a last chance, if Geoffrey will only take it."

Lady Holchester's face clouded. "I know," she said, with a look of disappointment. "His last chance is to read for his degree. Hopeless, my dear. Quite hopeless! If it had only been something easier than that; something that rested with me—"

"It does rest with you," interposed Julius. "My dear mother!—can you believe it?—Geoffrey's last chance is (in one word) Marriage!"

"Oh, Julius! it's too good to be true!"

Julius repeated his father's own words. Lady Holchester looked twenty years younger as she listened. When he had done she rang the bell.

"No matter who calls," she said to the servant, "I am not at home." She turned to Julius, kissed him, and made a place for him on the sofa by her side. "Geoffrey shall take *that* chance," she said, gayly—"I will answer for it! I have three women in my mind, any one of whom would suit him. Sit down, my dear, and let us consider carefully which of the three will be most likely to attract Geoffrey, and to come up to your father's standard of what his daughter-in-law ought to be. When we have decided, don't trust to writing. Go yourself and see Geoffrey at his hotel."

Mother and son entered on their consultation—and innocently sowed the seeds of a terrible harvest to come.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

GEOFFREY AS A PUBLIC CHARACTER.

TIME had advanced to after noon before the selection of Geoffrey's future wife was accomplished, and before the instructions of Geoffrey's brother were complete enough to justify the opening of the matrimonial negotiation at Nagle's Hotel.

"Don't leave him till you have got his promise," were Lady Holchester's last words when her son started on his mission.

"If Geoffrey doesn't jump at what I am going to offer him," was the son's reply, "I shall agree with my father that the case is hopeless; and I shall end, like my father, in giving Geoffrey up."

This was strong language for Julius to use. It was not easy to rouse the disciplined and equable temperament of Lord Holchester's eldest son. No two men were ever more thoroughly unlike each other than these two brothers. It is melancholy to acknowledge it of the blood-relation of a "stroke oar," but it must be owned, in the interests of truth, that Julius cultivated his intelligence. This degenerate Briton could digest books—and couldn't digest beer. Could learn languages—and couldn't learn to row. Practiced the foreign vice of perfecting himself in the art of playing on a musical instrument—and couldn't learn the English virtue of knowing a good horse when he saw him. Got through life (Heaven only knows how!) without either a biceps or a betting-book. Had openly acknowledged, in English society, that he didn't think the barking of a pack of hounds the finest music in the world. Could go to foreign parts, and see a mountain which nobody had ever got to the top of yet—and didn't instantly feel his honor as an Englishman involved in getting to the top of it himself. Such people may, and do, exist among the inferior races of the Continent. Let us thank Heaven, Sir, that England never has been, and never will be, the right place for them!

Arrived at Nagel's Hotel, and finding nobody to inquire of in the hall, Julius applied to the young lady who sat behind the window of "the bar." The young lady was reading something so deeply interesting in the evening newspaper that she never even heard him. Julius went into the coffee-room.

The waiter, in his corner, was absorbed over a second newspaper. Three gentlemen, at three different tables, were absorbed in a third, fourth, and fifth newspaper. They all alike went on with their reading without noticing the entrance of the stranger. Julius ventured on disturbing the waiter by asking for Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn. At the sound of that illustrious name the waiter looked up with a start. "Are you Mr. Delamayn's brother, Sir?"

"Yes."

The three gentlemen at the tables looked up with a start. The light of Geoffrey's celebrity fell, reflected, on Geoffrey's brother, and made a public character of him.

"You'll find Mr. Geoffrey, Sir," said the waiter, in a flurried, excited manner, "at the Cock and Bottle, Putney."

"I expected to find him here. I had an appointment with him at this hotel."

The waiter opened his eyes on Julius with an expression of blank astonishment. "Haven't you heard the news, Sir?"

"No."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the waiter—and offered the newspaper.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the three gentlemen—and offered the three newspapers.

"What is it?" asked Julius.

"What is it?" repeated the waiter, in a hollow voice. "The most dreadful thing that's happened in my time. It's all up, Sir, with the Great Foot-Race at Fulham. Tinkler has gone stale."

The three gentlemen dropped solemnly back into their three chairs, and repeated the dreadful intelligence, in chorus—"Tinkler has gone stale."

A man who stands face to face with a great national disaster, and who doesn't understand it, is a man who will do wisely to hold his tongue, and enlighten his mind without asking other people to help him. Julius accepted the waiter's newspaper, and sat down to make (if possible) two discoveries: First, as to whether "Tinkler" did, or did not, mean a man. Second, as to what particular form of human affliction you implied when you described that man as "gone stale."

There was no difficulty in finding the news. It was printed in the largest type, and was followed by a personal statement of the facts, taken one way—which was followed, in its turn, by another personal statement of the facts, taken in another way. More particulars, and further personal statements, were promised in later editions. The royal salute of British journalism thundered the announcement of Tinkler's staleness before a people prostrate on the national betting-book.

Divested of exaggeration, the facts were few enough and simple enough. A famous Athletic Association of the North had challenged a famous Athletic Association of the South. The usual "Sports" were to take place—such as running, jumping, "putting" the hammer, throwing cricket-balls, and the like—and the whole was to wind up with a Foot-Race of unexampled length and difficulty in the annals of human achievement between the two best men on either side. "Tinkler" was the best man on the side of the South. "Tinkler" was backed in innumerable betting-books to win. And Tinkler's lungs had suddenly given way under stress of training! A prospect of witnessing a prodigious achievement in foot-racing, and (more important still) a prospect of winning and losing large sums of money, was suddenly withdrawn from the eyes of the British people. The "South" could produce no second opponent worthy of the North out of its own associated resources. Surveying the athletic world in general, but one man existed who might possibly replace "Tinkler"—and it was doubtful, in the last degree, whether he would consent to come forward under the circumstances. The name of that man—Julius read it with horror—was Geoffrey Delamayn.

Profound silence reigned in the coffee-room. Julius laid down the newspaper, and looked about him. The waiter was busy, in his corner, with a pencil and a betting-book. The three gentlemen were busy, at the three tables, with pencils and betting-books.

"Try and persuade him!" said the waiter, piteously, as Delamayn's brother rose to leave the room.

"Try and persuade him!" echoed the three gentlemen, as Delamayn's brother opened the door and went out.

Julius called a cab, and told the driver (busy with a pencil and a betting-book) to go to the Cock and Bottle, Putney. The man brightened into a new being at the prospect. No need to hurry him; he drove, unasked, at the top of his horse's speed.

As the cab drew near to its destination the signs of a great national excitement appeared, and multiplied. The lips of a people pronounced, with a grand unanimity, the name of "Tinkler." The heart of a people hung suspended (mostly in the public houses) on the chances for and against the possibility of replacing "Tinkler" by another man. The scene in front of the inn was impressive in the highest degree. Even the London blackguard stood awed and quiet in the presence of the national calamity. Even the irrepressible man with the apron, who always turns up to sell nuts and sweetmeats in a crowd, plied his trade in silence, and found few indeed (to the credit of the nation be it spoken) who had the heart to crack a nut at such a time as this. The police were on the spot, in large numbers, and in mute sympathy with the people, touching to see. Julius, on being stopped at the door, mentioned his name—and received an ovation. His brother! oh, heavens, his brother! The people closed round him, the people shook hands with him, the people invoked blessings on his head. Julius was half suffocated, when the police rescued him, and landed him safe in the privileged haven on the inner side of the public house door. A deafening tumult broke out, as he entered, from the regions above stairs. A distant voice screamed, "Mind yourselves!" A hatless shouting man tore down through the people congregated on the stairs. "Hooray! Hooray! He's promised to do it! He's entered for the race!" Hundreds on hundreds of voices took up the cry. A roar of cheering burst from the people outside. Reporters for the newspapers raced, in frantic procession, out of the inn, and rushed into cabs to put the news in print. The hand of the landlord, leading Julius carefully up stairs by the arm, trembled with excitement. "His brother, gentlemen! his brother!" At those magic words a lane was made through the throng. At those magic words the closed door of the council-chamber flew open; and Julius found himself among the Athletes of his native country, in full parliament assembled. Is any description of them needed? The description of Geoffrey applies to them all. The manhood and muscle of England resemble the wool and mutton of England, in this respect, that there is about as much variety in a flock of athletes as in a flock of sheep. Julius looked about him, and saw the same man in the same dress, with the same health, strength, tone, tastes, habits, conversation, and pursuits, repeated infinitely in every part of the room. The din was deafening; the enthusiasm (to an uninitiated stranger) something at once hideous and terrifying to behold. Geoffrey had been lifted bodily on to the table, in his chair, so as to be visible to the whole room. They sang round him, they danced round him, they cheered round him, they swore round him. He was hailed, in maudlin terms of endearment, by grateful giants with tears in their eyes. "Dear old man!" "Glorious, noble, splendid, beautiful fellow!" They hugged him. They patted him on the back. They wrung his hands. They prodded and punched his muscles. They embraced the noble legs that were going to run the unexampled race. At the opposite end of the room, where it was physically impossible to get near the hero, the enthusiasm vented itself in feats of strength and acts of destruction. Hercules I. cleared a space with his elbows, and laid down—and Hercules II. took him up in his teeth. Hercules III. seized the poker from the fire-place, and broke it on his arm. Hercules IV. followed with the tongs, and shattered them on his neck. The smashing of the furniture and the pulling down of the house seemed likely to succeed—when Geoffrey's eye lighted by accident on Julius, and Geoffrey's voice, calling fiercely for his brother, hushed the wild assembly into sudden attention, and turned the fiery enthusiasm into a new course. Hooray for his brother! One, two, three—and up with his brother on our shoulders! Four, five, six—and on with his brother, over our heads, to the other end of the room! See, boys—see! the hero has got him by the collar! the hero has lifted him on the table! The hero, heated red-hot with his own triumph, welcomes the poor little snob cheerfully, with a volley of oaths. "Thunder and lightning! Explosion and blood! What's up now, Julius? What's up now?"

Julius recovered his breath, and arranged his coat. The quiet little man, who had just muscle enough to lift a Dictionary from the shelf, and just training enough to play the fiddle, so far from being daunted by the rough reception accorded to him, appeared to feel no other sentiment in relation to it than a sentiment of unmitigated contempt.

"You're not frightened, are you?" said Geoffrey. "Our fellows are a roughish lot, but they mean well."

"I am not frightened," answered Julius. "I am only wondering—when the Schools and Universities of England turn out such a set of ruffians as these—how long the Schools and Universities of England will last."

"Mind what you are about, Julius! They'll cart you out of window if they hear you."

"They will only confirm my opinion of them, Geoffrey, if they do."

Here, the assembly, seeing but not hearing the colloquy between the two brothers, became uneasy on the subject of the coming race. A roar of voices summoned Geoffrey to announce it, if there was any thing wrong. Having pacified the meeting, Geoffrey turned again to his brother, and asked him, in no amiable mood, what the devil he wanted there?

"I want to tell you something, before I go back to Scotland," answered Julius. "My father is willing to give you a last chance. If you don't take it, *my* doors are closed against you as well as *his*."

Nothing is more remarkable, in its way, than the sound common-sense and admirable self-restraint exhibited by the youth of the present time, when confronted by an emergency in which their own interests are concerned. Instead of resenting the tone which his brother had taken with him, Geoffrey instantly descended from the pedestal of glory on which he stood, and placed himself without a struggle in the hands which vicariously held his destiny—otherwise, the hands which vicariously held the purse. In five minutes more the meeting had been dismissed, with all needful assurances relating to Geoffrey's share in the coming Sports—and the two brothers were closeted together in one of the private rooms of the inn.

"Out with it!" said Geoffrey. "And don't be long about it."

"I won't be five minutes," replied Julius. "I go back to-night by the mail-train; and I have a great deal to do in the mean time. Here it is, in plain words: My father consents to see you again, if you choose to settle in life—with his approval. And my mother has discovered where you may find a wife. Birth, beauty, and money are all offered to you. Take them—and you recover your position as Lord Holchester's son. Refuse them—and you go to ruin your own way."

Geoffrey's reception of the news from home was not of the most reassuring kind. Instead of answering he struck his fist furiously on the table, and cursed with all his heart some absent woman unnamed.

"I have nothing to do with any degrading connection which you may have formed," Julius went on. "I have only to put the matter before you exactly as it stands, and to leave you to decide for yourself. The lady in question was formerly Miss Newenden—a descendant of one of the oldest families in England. She is now Mrs. Glenarm—the young widow (and the childless widow) of the great iron-master of that name. Birth and fortune—she unites both. Her income is a clear ten thousand a year. My father can, and will, make it fifteen thousand, if you are lucky enough to persuade her to marry you. My mother answers for her personal qualities. And my wife has met her at our house in London. She is now, as I hear, staying with some friends in Scotland; and when I get back I will take care that an invitation is sent to her to pay her next visit at my house. It remains, of course, to be seen whether you are fortunate enough to produce a favorable impression on her. In the mean time you will be doing every thing that my father can ask of you, if you make the attempt."

Geoffrey impatiently dismissed that part of the question from all consideration.

"If she don't cotton to a man who's going to run in the Great Race at Fulham," he said, "there are plenty as good as she is who will! That's not the difficulty. Bother *that!*"

"I tell you again, I have nothing to do with your difficulties," Julius resumed. "Take the rest of the day to consider what I have said to you. If you decide to accept the proposal, I shall expect you to prove you are in earnest by meeting me at the station to-night. We will travel back to Scotland together. You will complete your interrupted visit at Lady Lundie's (it is important, in my interests, that you should treat a person of her position in the county with all due respect); and my wife will make the necessary arrangements with Mrs. Glenarm, in anticipation of your return to our house. There is nothing more to be said, and no further necessity of my staying here. If you join me at the station to-night your sister-in-law and I will do all we can to help you. If I travel back to Scotland alone, don't trouble yourself to follow—I have done with you." He shook hands with his brother, and went out.

Left alone, Geoffrey lit his pipe and sent for the landlord.

"Get me a boat. I shall scull myself up the river for an hour or two. And put in some towels. I may take a swim."

The landlord received the order—with a caution addressed to his illustrious guest.

"Don't show yourself in front of the house, Sir! If you let the people see you, they're in such a state of excitement, the police won't answer for keeping them in order."

"All right. I'll go out by the back way."

He took a turn up and down the room. What were the difficulties to be overcome before he could profit by the golden prospect which his brother had offered to him? The Sports? No! The committee had promised to defer the day, if he wished it—and a month's training, in his physical condition, would be amply enough for him. Had he any personal objection to trying his luck with Mrs. Glenarm? Not he! Any woman would do—provided his father was satisfied, and the money was all right. The obstacle which was really in his way was the obstacle of the woman whom he had ruined. Anne! The one insuperable difficulty was the difficulty of dealing with Anne.

"We'll see how it looks," he said to himself, "after a pull up the river!"

The landlord and the police inspector smuggled him out by the back way unknown to the expectant populace in front. The two men stood on the river-bank admiring him, as he pulled away from them, with his long, powerful, easy, beautiful stroke.

"That's what I call the pride and flower of England!" said the inspector. "Has the betting on him begun?"

"Six to four," said the landlord, "and no takers."

Julius went early to the station that night. His mother was very anxious. "Don't let Geoffrey find an excuse in your example," she said, "if he is late."

The first person whom Julius saw on getting out of the carriage was Geoffrey—with his ticket taken, and his portmanteau in charge of the guard.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE total average daily receipts of Stewart's great retail establishment on Broadway and Tenth Street are stated to be $60,000. This immense business demands an army of employés; and twenty-two hundred persons are usually required to perform all the duties connected with it. The most careful espionage is necessary from the fact that such a multitude are employed; and experienced detectives are constantly employed as a protection against the cupidity of both employés and customers. When dismissed at night all the employés pass through a private door opening into Ninth Street, and any suspicious package can readily be discovered. The clerks are required to be prompt both in coming and going, as well as to be attentive to business. Notwithstanding all the supervision which is necessarily exercised, there is a great demand for the places, and all are anxious to retain their situation.

The average daily number of persons visiting the store is estimated at fifteen thousand, and on some special occasions there have been as many as fifty thousand. The most polite attention is given to all, both rich and poor; yet one who has no wish to purchase may go all over the establishment without being spoken to, unless he exhibits some perplexity, when an usher will instantly give any desired information. Every thing is quiet and orderly, and multitudes do pass through the various departments from motives of interest and curiosity alone.

Mr. Stewart himself gives some personal supervision to this store every day; and his superintendent always goes through the whole establishment daily, so that he may understand the exact condition of each department. He never allows any class of goods to remain upon the shelves when they have become a drug in the market.

At the opening of a new industrial school at Leith, Dr. Guthrie said that there doubtless were no less than 1,200,000 children between the ages of five and a half and thirteen in England and Wales who are growing up like wild beasts, without any education whatever. And he strongly advocated the necessity of compulsory education, on the ground that no one has a right to bring up dangerous members in a community, and that the most dangerous of all animals is man with an uneducated brain.

One evening, about the time of the battle of Fredericksburg, Mr. Stanton was called from the dinner-table to receive intelligence from the "front." A letter was read containing the sad story of war and blood, death and defeat, to which he listened attentively, with his arm tenderly encircling his little girl, who had run from the dining-room, and stood by her father's chair. Toward the end of the letter was mention of a young lieutenant who had died bravely in action. "Read that again," said the Secretary. And when it had been read he remarked: "As good a boy as I ever knew, with a good woman for a mother," speaking the words with much emotion. When the reading was over he gave directions how to use the report, and asked the bearer to wait a few minutes and excuse him. There was a sweet light in his eyes as he returned, and a grave reverence in the tone of his voice when he handed the messenger a letter, with the words: "It's to his mother; will you mail it for me? I want it to go forward to-night."

Herr Klein, a German musician, has made a nice calculation, to the effect that since the year 1720 no less than one hundred and twenty thousand operatic melodies have been composed.

The death of Madame Grisi took place while she was on her way from Florence to St. Petersburg. When she left Florence she had a small carbuncle on her face, which rapidly developed during the journey, becoming so painful that she was obliged to remain at Berlin. The tumor was opened, and she became better. Afterward, however, she refused to have poultices applied. At her suggestion, and with the consent of the physician, the carbuncle was repressed, and thus the blood was poisoned, and her brain became affected. A second carbuncle formed near the eye, and symptoms of apoplexy set in, which soon resulted in death. Her own physician had been telegraphed for, but did not arrive until after her death.

"Rose of Sharon" was the pretty name by which the lady whom M. Lesseps has married was latterly known in Egypt. It originated thus: M. Lesseps brought from Suez an Eastern rose—a peculiar flower, which, on being twisted in one's fingers, was said to unfold, and disclose in the centre of the blossom the future consort of the holder. He gave this flower to his lady-love, asking her whom she saw in its frail leaves. The lady very soon said, "You!" and so the matter was settled. A very easy way, this, of "popping the question!"

Some of the old Œcumenical Councils did not confine their legislation very strictly to religious matters. For example, the Council of Elvira enacted the following: "All Christian women are forbidden to employ a male hair-dresser for the embellishment of their hair. Those who do so will be excommunicated, and that without mercy."

Matrimonial matters are daily becoming more and more curious and strange; and one of the most curious recently transpired in a certain town in Ohio. A widow lady, who was a Spiritualist, became convinced that her affinity was the spirit of a gentleman who had been dead two years. She sought counsel of a medium, who advised her to be united to the deceased in wedlock. So the lady made all due preparations, such as brides are wont to make, and at an appointed time appeared at the house of the medium in bridal attire. She was placed in "communication" with the spirit of the departed, the ceremony was performed, and the two pronounced "man and wife;" after which the bride returned to her own residence, where she received the congratulations of friends, and a sumptuous repast was served in honor of the event!

Sardines—a favorite delicacy—are caught in immense numbers along the coast of France, in the Bay of Biscay. The fishing season lasts from July to October, so that it is easy to judge when the new crop reaches the market. They are shipped in immense quantities to places all over the globe, though more are sold in Bordeaux than elsewhere. They are put up for market in three sizes of tin boxes, and two kinds of labels are used to designate quality.

There are two very curious needles in the world. One is in the possession of the King of Prussia. He was recently visiting a needle manufactory in his kingdom, when the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in the needles asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished King. Queen Victoria has a second curious needle, on which, though very small, scenes in the life of the Queen are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

Jupiter has been undergoing some curious changes during the past year, and particularly within the last two months; and astronomers are deeply interested about the matter. The belts on the planet are more than usually numerous, and they display a greater variety of colors than has ever yet been ascribed to them. The equatorial belt, which has been for years the brightest part of the planet, is now not nearly so bright as the light belts to the north and south. Usually it has been free from markings; now it is often covered with markings, which resemble piled-up cumulus clouds. It has generally been colorless, shining with a silver-gray or pearly lustre; now it is of a rich, deep yellow, greatly resembling the color of electrotyped gold.

At Sandusky, Ohio, there is an extensive establishment for the freezing of fish by a new process, so that they can be kept any length of time, and be transported at any season. The usual time occupied in the process is two hours, although fish can be frozen solid in forty minutes. The great merit of the process is the celerity by which the fish are frozen. In ordinary methods they are frozen so slowly that their quality is impaired.

If a fibre of a spider's web one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter will sustain fifty-four grains (as has been ascertained), how much will a bar of spider's silk one inch in diameter support? The *Chemical News* says, seventy-four tons.

Four experienced nurses undertook the task of watching the "Welch fasting-girl," who is said to have taken no food for two years and a half. Nor were these four to bear the responsibility alone—they were assisted by a medical committee, so that if the girl received secret nourishment, she was pretty likely to be discovered. The room underwent a very minute examination by the committee. The bed was removed and thoroughly examined. Cupboards and drawers were emptied, and the keys handed to the superintendent nurse. Every thing in the room was subjected to the closest scrutiny, and the examiners went so far as to tear some loose paper off the walls. The girl's bed was made by the head nurse, and the girl placed in it. The gentlemen signed a certificate that they had searched the room and found no traces of food any where. On the 9th of December the nurses began their watch. No food was discovered, but several days the girl showed symptoms of starvation. Her parents were urged to give her nourishment, but refused; and on the 17th of the month she died deliriоus—indicating by this awful result that there was doubtless fraud in the case.

An inmate of one of our insane asylums—a young man—has addressed a letter to President Grant, in which he offers to cement the union of the United States by marrying thirty wives of his own choosing, and also a wife from each State or Territory, selected by the respective Governors thereof. Moreover, he proposes, in order that "the chain of good-will and friendship may encircle the whole world, to marry a wife of every nation under the sun, each lady to represent the country she comes from, in the great international wedding."

An English chemist has been experimenting for the purpose of ascertaining how much of various kinds of food must be eaten in order to make a pound of flesh. He comes to the conclusion that it requires 25 pounds of milk, 100 of turnips, 50 of potatoes, 50 of carrots, 9 of oat-meal, 7½ of barley-meal, and 3½ of pease or beans.

The *Woman's Journal* is the title of a new paper which has just been issued in Boston. It is a weekly paper in quarto form, and will receive contributions from some of the most prominent advocates of woman's rights.

Colonel George Gordon De Luna Byron, who was an officer under Fremont during the war, is said to have arrived in England and laid before Lord Wentworth his claim to be recognized as the legitimate son of the poet. He states that Lord Byron visited Spain during his youth, and there contracted a secret marriage with a Catholic lady of good family; but deserting her and becoming enamored of other fair faces, he determined to conceal an alliance which was legally not binding. As yet Colonel Byron has only asserted that he is the son of the poet and his Spanish wife, but has furnished no proofs to substantiate his romantic tale.

Queen Isabella is of a gay and easy disposition; she complains of nobody, and finds the life of a mere pleasure-seeker in Paris very agreeable. She is said to have declared to the Empress that nothing short of the most absolute power should ever induce her to take the reins of government again.

THE LANGUAGE OF OLD EGYPT.

THERE is every reason to believe that the native Christian population of Egypt read their Bibles and preserve their hymns and religious books in the same tongue which was used in the days of the Pharaohs. It has not been in common use since the twelfth century, but it would seem that there were persons who could speak it as late as the seventeenth century. This language has become a most important study, now that keys have been found for some of the hieroglyphics; for the country is absolutely covered with inscriptions, and most of these inscriptions contain information that we much desire to possess. Inscription, fortunately for the curious of this country, was a perfect mania with the old Egyptians. Not only did they inscribe great monuments, tombs, etc., but they put their mark on every thing that could carry it. There are, we firmly believe, the means of ample knowledge, if we can but find the wit to interpret. But, be it remembered, it is not so much the language (which, as has been said, is still preserved in sacred books) as the characters in which it was written, which present the puzzle. One perplexity arises from the fact that there were two languages—one for ordinary uses, and the other known only to the priests. Besides which there were varieties of writing, used possibly according to fixed rules, but very confusing till the rules shall be found. Three varieties are recognized thus far. One would appear to be alphabetical writing, although done in pictures—that is to say, there is a sign for every letter, and, unfortunately, more than one sign for each. A second is simply pictorial writing, wherein a drawing of the object stands for it. The third is a symbolical writing, where pictures do not stand for the objects which they represent, but for some other objects signified by them figuratively or arbitrarily. In this last kind, the representation of some natural object—as a bird, a serpent, a hatchet—may represent a whole word, a syllable, or a letter. There are no stops. It has, however, come to light that very often, besides the characters which form the word, a drawing of the thing intended is given. The three kinds of writing are often intermixed in one inscription—wherefore we know not—and thus a pretty complication was presented; indeed, it was no wonder that at one time the hieroglyphics were looked upon as little more than quaint devices of little or no significance. Great genius, however, and great patience having been exercised in respect of the writings, have at length solved some of the difficulties, and shown us how the rest may be solved. A stone was dug up at Rosetta in 1798 having on it an inscription in three different characters, wholly in each character, and repeated. One of the characters was the Greek, which could be read; and it being suspected that the other two were the Egyptian forms of the same words, the learned set to work, and before long had something like the beginning of an alphabet. It was not till 1822 that M. Champollion, the most successful discoverer, published his vocabulary, which gave at once a clew and a new impetus to the ingenious of all countries.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SERVANT applied to her mistress for a "loan" of paper and envelope. She received them, but soon brought them back unused. "What is the matter, Jane? Aren't they stylish enough?" "Oh yes, ma'am. But it's *in mourning* I am now, and these haven't got a black border!"

A Frenchman by will left all his property to his wife, on condition that she should put over his grave a stone with this inscription:

Here lies
Adolphe B——,
Who died at the age of — years,
in the possession of all his Teeth.
Thanks to the Dentifrice Wash
of the House of X. & Co.,
No. — —— Street.
Ten Francs a Bottle.

"You never saw such a happy lot of people as we had here yesterday," said a landlady in Indiana to a newly-arrived guest; "there were thirteen couples of 'em." "What, thirteen couples just married?" "Oh no, Sir, thirteen couples just divorced!"

A gentleman asked a lady, known to be utterly ignorant of languages, "How did you get along when abroad to make yourself understood?" "Oh, my dear Sir," replied she, with quite a French air, "we had an interrupter with us." The same lady having arranged some statues in an adjoining room, requested the same gentleman to "step into the next impartment and see her antics" (antiques).

Why is a sheep the most dissipated and unfortunate of animals?—Because he gambols in his youth, frequents the turf, is often a black-leg, and is fleeced annually.

A manufacturer of tombstones lately received a call from a countryman, who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stone-cutter had prepared for another person. "I like this one," said he. "But," said the manufacturer, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut on it—it wouldn't do for your mother." "Oh yes, it would," said the countryman; "she couldn't read! And besides," he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stone-cutter, "Perry was always a favorite name of hers, any how!"

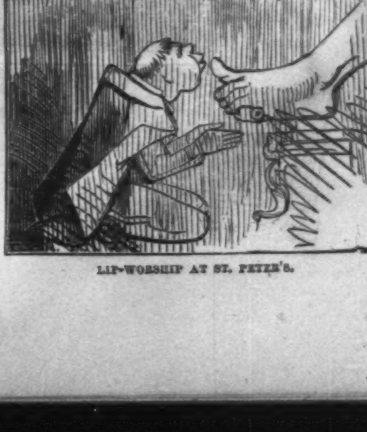
THE BEST COUGH—Coffee.

Three wild mud-larks were captured by a young divine and brought into a Sunday-school in New York, where they were severally questioned as follows: "What is your name?" "Dan," replied the untaught one who was first interrogated. "Oh no; your name is Daniel; say it now." "Daniel." "Yes; well, Daniel, take your seat." "And what is your name?" was interrogated of number two. "Sam," ejaculated the urchin. "Oh dear no; it is Samuel; sit down, Samuel. And now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow?" said he to the third. With a grin of self-satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young catechumen boldly replied, "Jimuel, your Honor."

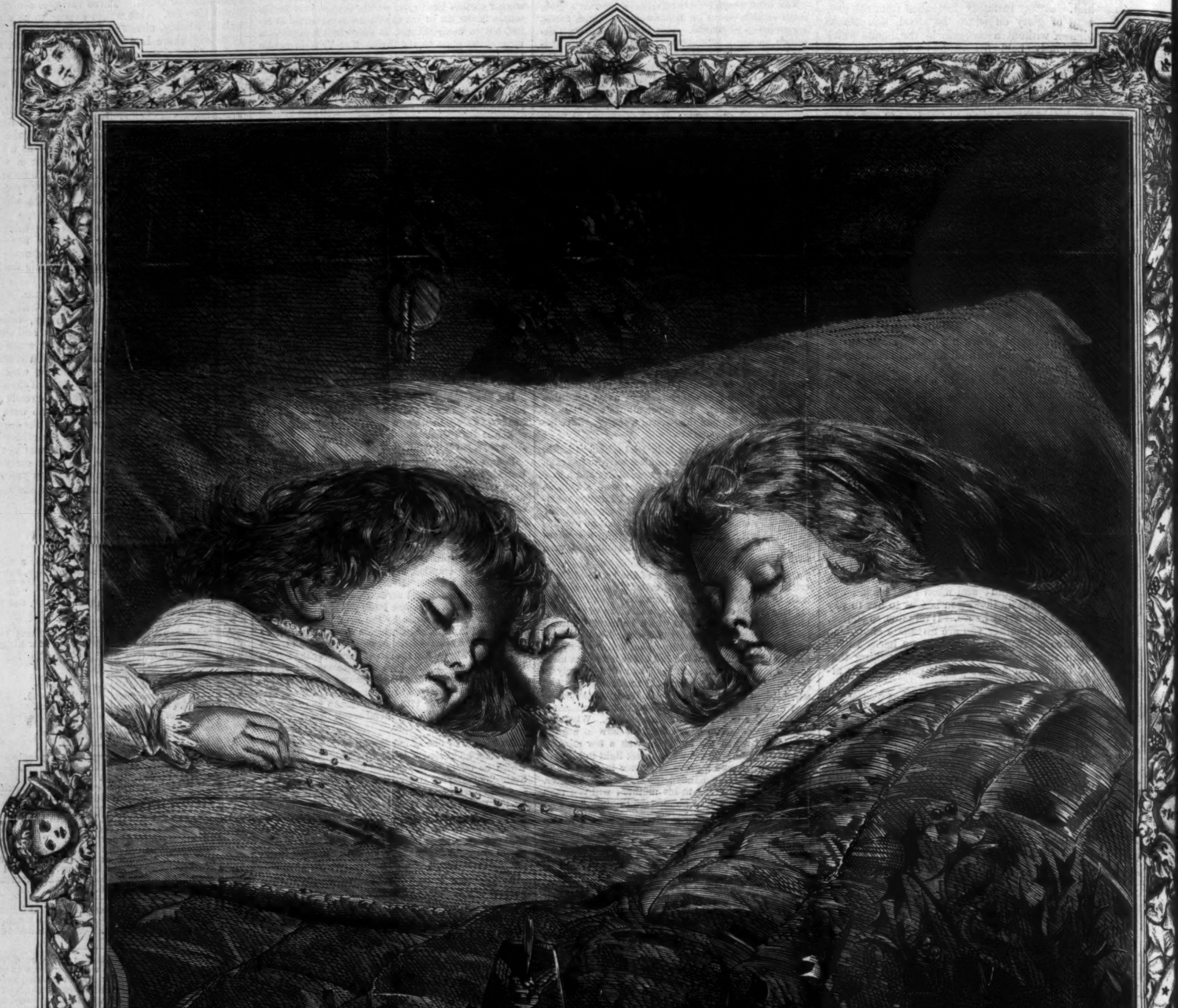
THE POOREST TEA—Poverty.

An irascible old gent, who formerly held the position of Justice of the Peace, was one day accosted in the street by a youth in a manner that did not come up to his Honor's idea of respect due him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the Judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt."

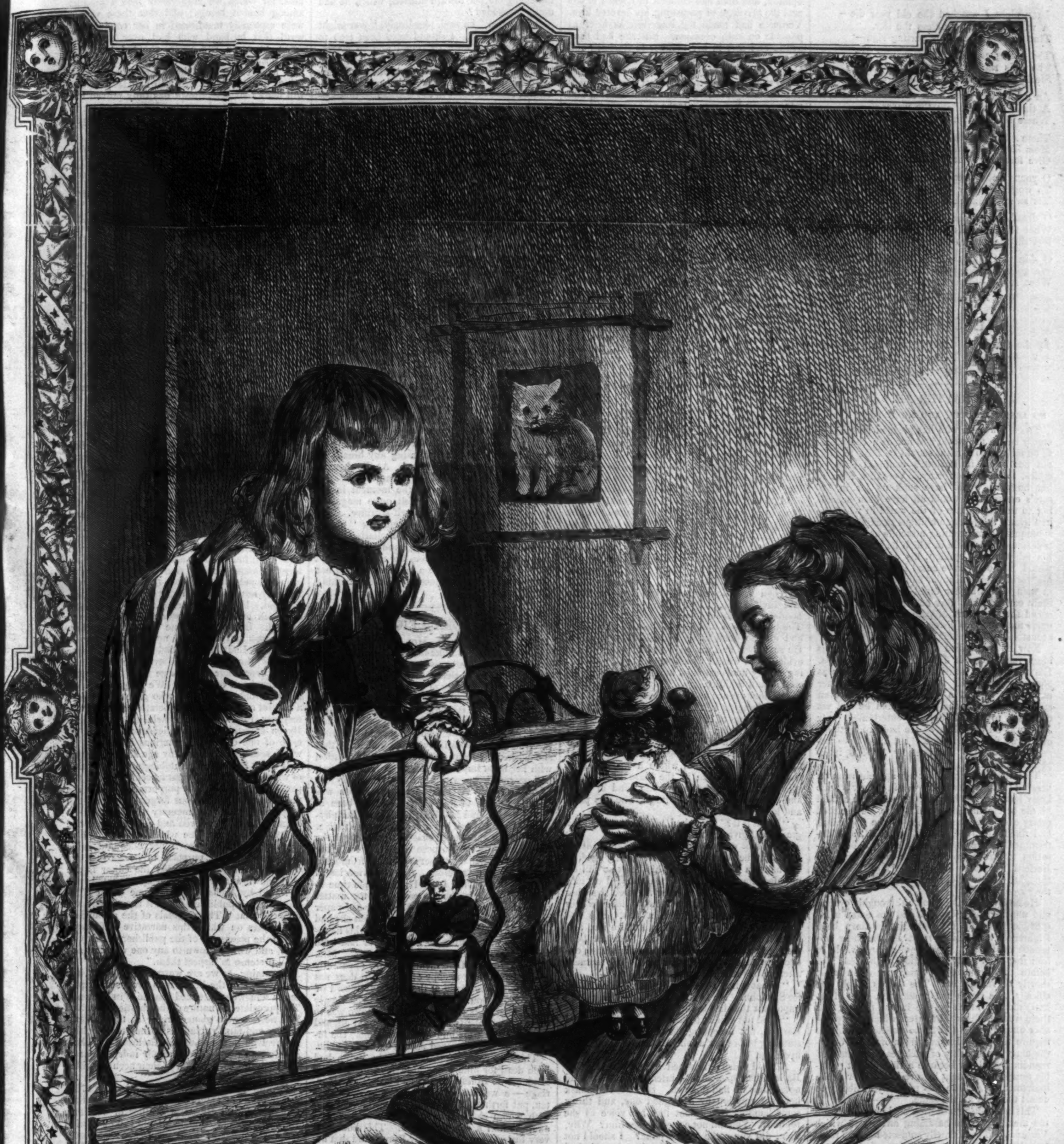
The Mayor of New York, Hon. A. Oakey Hall, boasts of his descent from a regicide of Charles I.—Colonel Oakey. If the great ancestor was clever in curing the "king's evil," the great descendant ought to be able to remove a *ring*-worm.



LIP-WORSHIP AT ST. PETER'S.



A DREAM OF TOYS.



THE DREAM REALIZED.

BY THE SEA.

LAST night I watched the old year die—
A wind swept once across the sky,
That seemed to me his parting sigh—

The tolling ceased. Then weirdly gay,
The bells rang forth across the bay—
Stealing a sea-charm on their way,

An echo from the hollow caves—
A thrill of music from the waves,
Where some that hear shall find their graves!

These changeful bells, I whispered, sure
Most like some cunning overture,
Give foretaste what we must endure!

O young babe year, that yet shall grow
To work us either weal or woe—
'Tis strange that men should hail thee so!

O dread, mysterious volume, sealed—
What fateful words lie there concealed—
Not till the end to be revealed—

O ship that sails the unknown sea!—
We guess not what thy freight may be—
What storms—what shipwreck—none foresee!

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER XII.

NO LESS THAN KIN, AND MORE THAN KIND.

THAT a woman who has pledged herself solemnly before the world and her own conscience to be faithful to a man, should be false to him, did not seem, in Barletti's confused code of ethics, to be blameworthy. Veronica, false to her husband, would have sunk no jot in Cesare's esteem. It would all have been according to the experience of the world in which he had lived: a loveless, ambitious marriage, and a subsequent compensating attachment. The experience of the world in which he had lived was his religion; its opinion, his conscience. He would, no doubt, have acted in contradiction to his world's opinion under sufficient temptation: as men with a higher creed have acted against their conscience. But he would have experienced the same sort of pain in so doing as attends the conscious disregard of whatever we are accustomed to consider as a sanction.

Now he was called upon to readjust all his ideas regarding Sir John Gale and Veronica. His first strong sentiment in the matter was blame of Sir John. And it was not altogether unpleasant to find a justification for an even stronger dislike to the baronet than he had yet confessed to himself that he entertained. Sir John was an old villain! He had brought this girl away from her home. He must have deceived her basely. Poor, lonely, helpless, inexperienced girl!

This, then, accounted for her apprehension on hearing that Sir John's life was in danger! She knew how horrible her position would be should he die before making her his wife. It seemed pretty clear that the sentence of the physicians had fixed Sir John's wavering mind, and determined the performance of this act of reparation toward Veronica. She had conquered! Barletti felt some admiring triumph in that thought. But it did not soften him toward the baronet.

He believed Sir John to be thoroughly cynical and unprincipled; but that did not make it incredible that the old roué should have been frightened into doing right by the near approach of death. It was quite conceivable to him that such tardy reparation might avail him before the Tribunal to which Sir John must shortly be summoned. The priests taught the efficacy of a death-bed repentance. He (Barletti) did not much believe in the priests; but these were professional matters which they probably understood. It was no concern of his to inquire further. He had no more idea of arraigning the morality of such teaching than of repudiating all law because a thief might possibly escape punishment by a technical flaw in the indictment. And he was perfectly at liberty to detest the thief all the same.

This late selfish restitution could not obliterate the memory of the harassing anxiety to which Veronica had been cruelly subjected. And there was, too, the latent consideration—flavoring the whole current of his reflections—that he himself had narrowly escaped being placed in an unpleasant position. It was one thing to be the favored suitor of a wealthy widow; and quite another to be bound to a woman without rank, or money, or influence; whose sole dowry would be her beauty, and an imperious appetite for the luxuries that only great wealth can purchase.

What had he to offer to Veronica if she were poor? He might have lost her altogether! And his instinctive conviction that she was incapable of loving him with a love which should enable her to endure poverty for his sake, did not militate against the strength of his passion for her.

But suppose, after all, she were to throw him over, now that she was secure? She would be very rich—that he took for granted; and would have a brilliant position in her own country. He became nervously impatient to see her again, and yet he dreaded to find a change in her manner.

He had met Veronica twice since their first memorable interview in the Villa Reale. She had debated anxiously with herself whether she had not best break her appointment. But she had come to the conclusion that she did not dare to drive Barletti to desperation. He might in his rashness dash the cup from her lips, even at the last moment. They had met, therefore, and Barletti had given his report of the doctor's opinion, and then had claimed in reward of his zeal the privilege of protesting his devoted love. Veronica had made the interview as brief as possible on each occasion. But she had been gentle and soft in her manner to Barletti, and had professed herself very grateful for the trouble he had taken.

He tried to recall the minutest circumstances of these interviews; at one moment twisting and interpreting Veronica's looks and words into an acknowledgment of her love for him; at another telling himself that it was plain she cared no jot for him, and was only using his devotion without a thought of reciprocating it. All his meditations resulted in an impatient longing to see and speak with Veronica. He resolved to take the step of going to the palazzo she inhabited at once, instead of waiting for the usual hour of his evening visit.

The wretched little cab horse, which, like most of its class in Naples, seemed to have a mysterious force not derived from food, and which had continued its shuffling trot as though, poor beast, it were desperately trying to run away from existence, was pulled up with a sudden check at a signal from Barletti. He alighted, paid for his drive, and walked hastily away. The sum he gave the driver inspired in that individual sentiments of mingled contempt and self-reproach. The contempt was excited by the spectacle of a man—a native Neapolitan, too, per Bacco!—so soft as to pay him three times his fare. The reason of his self-reproach, of a rather poignant kind, was that he had not had presence of mind to demand double the money!

Barletti, on presenting himself at Sir John Gale's house, was told by the porter that his master could see no one. He had been out that morning, and was fatigued and unwell.

"Miladi, then?" asked Barletti.

The man looked a little surprised at the unprecedented circumstance of Barletti's asking for "miladi" at that hour; but he said he would send to ask whether the signora could receive the signor principe. While he waited for the message to be taken up, Barletti's mind misgave him as to the advisability of the step he had taken. He wished he could have gone without delay into her presence. This waiting gave one time to cool, and to take account of unpleasant possibilities.

When Veronica's maid tripped down stairs and invited Barletti to follow her to miladi's boudoir, he was in a state of great trepidation. The boudoir was untenanted when he entered it, and for the moment he felt this to be a relief. He sat down and waited, looking round on the evidences of wealth which met his eye, and feeling a very unaccustomed amount of self-depreciation and timidity.

The door opened and Veronica appeared. She wore a changing silk dress, whose hue deepened in the shadows of its sweeping folds from silver-gray to dove-color. Round the throat and wrists was a small frill of fine lace. There was not a gleam of jewelry about her, save on the third finger of her left hand, where a massive gold ring was half hidden in the blaze of a single splendid diamond set in a broad band of gold, and surmounting the plain ring. She was pale, and looked tired.

"What is it?" she asked, advancing with slow grace, and giving him her hand.

He forgot every thing in the enchantment of gazing on her beauty, and stood silently holding her hand in his, and feeling his heart so full of mingled emotions that the tears welled up into his eyes. A little faint color fluttered over her cheeks and throat. She slowly withdrew her hand, and motioned him to a seat. She was keenly alive to his speechless admiration, and it revived her like a cordial. She had been feeling languor and the reaction of intense excitement, like a runner who drops the moment after he has reached the goal.

"What is it?" she asked again. "You asked for Sir John. He is not visible. Is it any thing important that has brought you here so early?"

"I did not expect to see—your husband," said Barletti, not accepting the proffered chair, but standing before her as she sat, and looking down upon her.

A vivid blush crimsoned her face and neck. Barletti had spoken with intention, and she had noted that he had done so. She tried to mask her real emotion by a feigned one, and threw some haughty resentment into her voice as she replied: "You did not expect to see him? Why, then, did you come at this hour? I should not have received you but that I thought you had some real business with Sir John."

"I came to see you, Veronica."

"Then you acted imprudently and inconsiderately."

"Imprudently for myself, perhaps. It may be that the most prudent thing I could do would be to see you no more. But I have not acted inconsiderately toward you in coming. You have no longer any reason to fear Sir John Gale's anger or caprice. Yesterday it would have been different."

She put her hand on her breast, which was rising and falling quickly. She preserved the haughty attitude of her head as she looked up at him; but her lips quivered in spite of herself, and she could not trust them to frame a word.

"I saw you being rowed to the landing-place," he proceeded. "And then I accidentally got into conversation with an English officer of marine who belonged to the ship that you—visited this morning. I could scarcely believe my eyes or my ears at first. But then suddenly a great many things that had puzzled me grew clear."

Still she was silent; but her head drooped a little, and she turned her eyes away from him. He had not expected this. He had thought to see her triumphant, but she seemed downcast and oppressed. Or was this the beginning of the change in her toward himself, which he had dimly foreboded?

"Veronica," he said, pleadingly, "you might have trusted me! I should have been true to you. But you were so proud and so secret. How you must have suffered!"

She had been oppressed by a crowd of confused feelings: surprise, mortified pride, an undefined sense of relief in the knowledge that Cesare knew the real facts of her position and was still devoted to her; at the same time a hostile movement of amour propre which shuddered at the idea of falling from the high place she had occupied in his thoughts. His last words, and the tone of compassion in his voice, touched a morbidly sensitive chord in her overstrained nerves, and, suddenly dropping her face upon her open palms, she burst into a passion of crying. Perplexed and distressed he came and leaned over her chair, murmuring her name at intervals, and timidly touching the folds of her long sweeping gown. Her tears relieved and soothed her, and as she cried she thought. Even after the first burst of weeping had exhausted itself she kept her face hidden, feeling that her attitude and her distress afforded a kind of ambush wherein to collect her thoughts.

"Veronica, you are not angry with me?" said Barletti.

She had by this time been inspired with an idea which was as balm to her hurt pride. It was intolerable to her to be an object of pity to the man who had worshiped her. Sympathy—even compassion, so long as it were blended with sufficient admiration—she could endure. But she must regain the level she fancied she had lost. She would reveal to Barletti the fact of their relationship. She had concealed it until she could look her kinsman freely in the face without communicating any breath of dishonor to her mother's race! As the thought passed through her mind she began to believe in it, as an actor believes for the moment in his mimic sorrows. And she felt quite magnanimous with a sense of noble self-sacrifice. The anticipated enjoyment of her coming "point" gave her face an expression of exaltation as she raised it from her concealing hands, and pushed the clustering hair back from her forehead.

"Cesare," she said, in a voice which had not quite regained its steadiness, "I have something to tell you."

MEDORA LEIGH.*

IN September, 1869, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe published simultaneously in two reputable Magazines, one issued in America, the other in England, an article which purported to set forth the "True Story of Lady Byron's Married Life." As far as the question involved in the present paper is concerned, the essential facts stated by Mrs. Stowe are these:

In 1856 Mrs. Stowe, who was then in England, received a note from Lady Byron indicating that she wished to have some private conversation with her upon important subjects. Lady Byron had previously known Mrs. Stowe personally and by reputation. At this time Lady Byron was about 65 years of age. She had long been in feeble health, and had been advised by her physicians that she had but a very little time to live. Lady Byron announced that she had sought the interview with the purpose of setting forth the causes which had led to her separation from Lord Byron, forty years before. The interview lasted a whole day, giving Lady Byron ample time to say all that she wished to say upon the matter in hand. She also gave to Mrs. Stowe a paper containing a brief memorandum of what she had said, with the dates affixed. Whether this memorandum was written at the time, or had been previously prepared, does not appear. Mrs. Stowe returned this memorandum, apparently without retaining a copy of it; and it does not appear that she made at the time any record of the conversation. It seems to have been clearly understood on both sides that Mrs. Stowe was to be at perfect liberty to decide whether at all, and if so, at what time and in what manner, the information thus conveyed should be made public.

Thirteen years after, when Lady Byron had been dead for nine years, Madame Guiccioli—or Madame de Boissy, as she had become by marriage—a woman verging upon threescore-and-ten, put forth a stupid book in regard to the man with whom she had lived in open and avowed adultery half a century before. This book had very little to say about Lady Byron, and that little only affirmed what had been said and written by others a hundred times—that she and her husband were in every way unsuited to each other. The severest passage in relation to Lady Byron to be found in the book of Madame Guiccioli is this:

> "Marriage alone drew upon him this new disaster [*i. e.*, pecuniary embarrassment], which he must have felt severely, and which doubtless led him to make reflections little favorable to the tie so fatally contracted. Then it was that he would have required to meet with kindness, indulgence, and peace at home; thus supported his heart would have endured every thing. Instead of that, what did he find? *A woman whose jealousy was extreme,* and who had her own settled way of living, and was unflinching in her ideas; who united a conviction of her own wisdom to perfect ignorance of the human heart, all the while fancying that she knew it so well; who, far from consenting to modify her own habits, would fain have imposed them upon others. In short, a woman who had nothing in common with him, who was unable to understand him or to find the road to his heart or mind; *finally, one to whom forgiveness seemed a weakness instead of a virtue.*"

The sentences above placed in italics seem to be mainly the ones which Mrs. Stowe thought it incumbent upon her to controvert, by showing that Lady Byron's whole life was one of sublime patience, charity, self-abnegation, and forgiveness, for which we may vainly seek a parallel among human beings; and that these virtues were especially manifested in her conduct toward that husband who had over and over again, in prose and verse, charged her with utter incapacity for the virtues of compassion and forgiveness. If the charges which she brings against Byron are well founded, no one will deny that Mrs. Stowe has fully proven her point. Of these charges we have at present to do with but two, which we give in Mrs. Stowe's own words:

> *First.* "Byron fell into the depths of a secret, adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society. From henceforth his damning guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish, and insane dread of detection."
>
> *Second.* "There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though the task was a difficult one, from the strange abnormal propensities to evil in the subject of it, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over till death took the responsibility from her hands."

Mrs. Stowe does not indeed say directly that the partner of this incestuous intrigue was Augusta Leigh, the half-sister of Byron; nor does she directly affirm that Lady Byron learned of the existence of this crime during the period of their married life; nor that the child of sin was the offspring of this particular crime. But there can be no doubt that she understood, and intended her readers to understand, that all these were facts in the case.

We do not propose more than to touch upon the manner in which the statements made by Mrs. Stowe were received. No one, we imagine, ever dreamed that these charges were invented by Mrs. Stowe, or doubted that she reproduced, as nearly as her memory would permit after the lapse of thirteen years, the substance of the statements made to her by Lady Byron. But the statement as published contained so many palpable and demonstrable inaccuracies, and was so inconsistent with facts, some of them long known, and others brought to light from independent and unexpected, but altogether unquestionable sources, that the almost universal judgment was that the first charge was not only not sustained, but was also wholly unfounded. If this was the case, the second charge, of which little mention was made, fell to the ground. But it also came to light that Mrs. Stowe was not the only, nor the first person to whom Lady Byron had made the same charge. But there was no evidence that Lady Byron ever made the charge until many years after the death of Byron. We suppose that of the multitudes of persons who gave the subject a careful and candid consideration an immense majority rested in the conclusion that Lady Byron entertained this belief under the influence of one of those mysterious hallucinations which sometimes accompany age and infirmity.

If the "History and Autobiography," the title of which stands at the commencement of this paper, be not just what it purports to be it is the most base and outrageous forgery that has been perpetrated within the memory of living man—a forgery also easily proven and fastened upon the guilty parties; and one which can not fail to subject them to severe if not adequate pains and penalties. It purports to be "edited by Charles Mackay." Whether the editor is the well-known author so named is not stated. It is issued by Richard Bentley, one of the foremost English publishers; and it is expressly announced that "The originals of the documents and papers on which this narrative is founded are in the possession of the publisher of this volume, and will be shown to any one who has any legal pretense to inspect them."

Assuming, as we are warranted in doing, the genuineness of the book, it is proposed to present a somewhat extended résumé of its contents. To appreciate the nature of the questions involved it is necessary to glance briefly at the previous history and family relations of the persons chiefly involved in the so-called disclosures. These are derived from sources wholly independent of the book in question, and of their accuracy there is no question.

George Gordon Byron, the poet, born in 1788, was the son of Captain John Byron, who was the son of Admiral Byron, a brother of William, Baron Byron of Rochdale, who in 1765 was tried for the murder of his cousin, Mr. Chaworth, whom he had killed in a drunken brawl. This Baron William, for the last twenty years of his life, which ended in 1798, was known as the "wicked old Lord." Dying without surviving children he was succeeded in his titles and estates by the poet, then a boy of ten. Admiral Byron, the father of John, was married in 1748 to a Miss Trevanion; but there was something so irregular in this marriage that when, sixty years after, it was necessary to be proven by the poet, in order to enable him to show his right to a seat in the House of Lords, this was done only with much difficulty and after considerable delay. This name of Trevanion will come up prominently in what is to be said of Medora Leigh.

John Byron, the son of the Admiral, was, about 1776, the handsomest and most reckless young Guardsman in England. "He was commonly known as Mad Jack Byron." Before he had fairly reached his majority he had become engaged in an adulterous intrigue with a peeress. This woman was Amelia D'Arcy, only daughter and heiress of Robert, Earl of Holdernesse and Baron Conyers. The earldom did not descend to heirs female, and became extinct with the death of her father. But the barony did descend in the female line, and she was styled Lady Conyers. She was married to Francis, Marquis of Carmarthen, who in time became Duke of Leeds. By this husband she had two children, one of whom succeeded to his father's dukedom and his mother's barony. The names of D'Arcy and Leeds also became mixed up in the affairs of Medora Leigh. The Marquis of Carmarthen having, in 1779, obtained a divorce from his wife, she soon after married her paramour, John Byron. She died (in 1781, according to one account, but as stated by Moore, more probably in 1783) leaving a daughter, Mary Augusta, who subsequently married her cousin, Colonel Leigh of the army, and was usually known as Mrs. Leigh, although her proper designation was Lady Mary Augusta Leigh.

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* *Medora Leigh; A History and Autobiography.* Edited by CHARLES MACKAY. *With an Introduction, and a Commentary on the Charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Beecher Stowe.* London: Richard Bentley.

Shortly after the death of Lady Conyers, John Byron married Catharine Gordon, an heiress belonging to one of the noblest Scotch families, and connected not remotely with the royal line. The sole issue of this second marriage was George Gordon Byron, the poet. It is worthy of note that the Duke of Gordon was one of the godfathers of this infant. It thus appears that the Byrons were directly allied to not a few of the oldest families of the peerage and aristocracy; and also that there was a fearful taint of blood running through generations in the parentage of the half-brother and sister.

Of John Byron it is only necessary to say that in two years he ran through all the fortune of his second wife, and died in 1791, leaving her and their son almost destitute. Augusta, who was eight years the senior of her half-brother, appears to have been brought up by the family of her mother. They saw each other only occasionally until 1812, he being twenty-three years of age, and she thirty-one. She was married, and to all appearance a happy wife, and the mother of three children. She last saw Byron in 1816, just before his final departure from England. During the preceding two years they were much together. After that she lived for many years, and became the mother of four children; one having been born in 1815. That child is the Medora Leigh, the subject of this paper, and the one to whom Mrs. Stowe refers as the "child of sin," born of incestuous intercourse between her mother and her mother's half-brother, Byron.

Excepting in connection with this charge, now first publicly made, we are confident that no reproach or suspicion was ever directed against Augusta Leigh; while there remains evidence as abundant as can be brought forward in the case of any other private lady that she was regarded and treated as a woman of unblemished character and unspotted reputation. That such a woman fell into that abyss of infamy, as is deliberately and solemnly affirmed by Lady Byron, almost passes belief; and yet it is hardly more credible that she should be the mother of two daughters so utterly infamous as are set forth in this book.

We now at length come to the special case of Medora Leigh, drawing our materials solely and absolutely from this "History and Autobiography:"

"In the summer of 1843 there arrived in London a woman evidently of considerable culture and education, of about the age of eight-and-twenty; with her was a girl of nine or ten, whom she represented as her daughter. She was accompanied by a "Captain De B——, a gallant veteran of the British army, who had served through the Peninsular war in the 71st regiment, and had received several severe wounds at Waterloo, for which he enjoyed a pension of £100 per annum." She claimed to be the daughter of Augusta Leigh, and had come from France, where she had for a while resided, in order to urge some claims upon the kindness of Lady Byron. Captain De B—— stated that he became acquainted with her in the south of France, where she was living in apparent respectability under the name of Madame St. Aubin. He had just lately met with her in Paris, in circumstances of utter destitution; had supplied her from his own scanty funds with means of immediate support, and to proceed to London. There he introduced her to Mr. S——, his legal agent. To this lawyer she confided her whole story, stating, among other things, that while Mrs. Leigh was her mother, her father was not Colonel Leigh, but Lord Byron. Mr. S—— took up the case. "Miss Leigh proved to his entire satisfaction, by documentary evidence in her possession, that she was indeed the daughter of the Hon. Augusta Leigh. She also detailed to him, and afterward gave him in writing the whole history of her unhappy life, and so deeply impressed him in her favor that he took measures, without divulging their object, to obtain confidential access to some of the high personages interested in her case."

The autobiography opens thus abruptly:

> "I am the fourth child of a family of seven. My eldest sister, Georgiana, married Mr. Henry Trevanion, a distant cousin, in 1826, when I was eleven years old. The marriage, which met the approbation of no one except my mother, did not turn out very happily, owing to the smallness of fortune and the uneven temper of both parties. I was frequently called on to keep them company, and in March, 1829, after they had been married three years, it was decided that I should accompany them to a country house which had been placed at their disposal by my aunt, Annabella, Lady Byron, during the time of my sister's approaching confinement. The house was in the neighborhood of Canterbury." [It is stated in another place that Mr. Trevanion had been enabled to marry only by a sum of money, ostensibly a loan, but understood to be really a gift, from Lady Byron.] "The last injunctions and admonitions I received from my mother on starting were, in all things to devote myself to pleasing my brother-in-law, Mr. Trevanion; to get rid of the dislike I entertained for him, and to cease ridiculing him, as I had been in the habit of doing.
>
> "My sister's illness, during her confinement, was the occasion of my being left much alone with Mr. Trevanion. I was with him both indoors and out by day and by night; and was frequently sent by my sister into his bedroom after every one else had retired to bed. Some months passed in this manner, during which Mr. Trevanion took advantage of my youth and weakness and effected my ruin, and I found myself likely to become a mother by one I had ever disliked."

The guilty pair threw themselves upon the mercy of Mrs. Trevanion; and it was agreed between her and her husband that they should take the frail sister abroad. Mrs. Leigh, who appears to have been wholly ignorant of the reasons for this step, consented, and the three went to Calais, in France, where Medora was delivered of a boy, who was taken in charge by the convenient doctor who had attended upon her. She was subsequently informed—most likely truly—that the child had died within three months of its birth. This was in 1830, Medora being then fifteen years of age. She returned to her mother, who endeavored to force her into society and to balls, to which she objected on account of her youth, and because that she was in mourning for a sister who had recently died. Here comes in a new Act of the tragedy.

She was still thrown much into the society of Trevanion, and the consequence was that early in the next year (1831) she found herself again likely to become a mother. Mrs. Leigh was now taken into the confidence of the parties, and it was arranged that Medora should accompany Trevanion and his wife into the country. Colonel Leigh appears soon after to have been made acquainted with the state of affairs, for in June he caused Medora to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. Up to this time she believed that Colonel Leigh was her father, although she had been told the contrary by Trevanion and his wife. She was allowed, before being taken to the asylum, to have a few minutes' private talk with Trevanion, and it was agreed that she should, if possible, make her escape and run away with him. She declares that her sister was privy to this arrangement; that she promised to obtain a divorce from her husband, after which he and Medora could marry if they pleased. It is added that a suit for a divorce was actually commenced by Georgiana, but that it failed because she was shown to have been an accomplice in the alleged crime.

While Medora was in the asylum means were found, as she believed through Georgiana, for communicating with Trevanion, and she at length escaped, joined him, and proceeded to the Continent, where they lived for two years as man and wife under the names of Monsieur and Madame Aubin. Then, although she was again to be a mother, she wished to separate from Trevanion and enter a convent. She wrote to Mrs. Leigh, who engaged to allow her £60 a year. She soon left the convent, gave birth to her third and only living child, rejoined Trevanion, living, as she says, "in an old chateau in a secret and unfrequented spot, in great poverty, but as brother and sister. Henry at this time gave himself up wholly to religion and shooting." Thus passed three more miserable years. Trevanion became unendurable, and she resolved to leave him, which she did, and went to a neighboring town, where she lived for some time, continually receiving from her mother "most affectionate letters, but very little money." She vainly urged her mother to allow her £120 a year, which she said was the smallest sum upon which she and her child could subsist.

It seems that at some time previous she had obtained a "Deed of Appointment," in virtue of which she was to receive £3000 upon the death of her mother and Lady Byron. This money was undoubtedly to come from Lady Byron, for Mrs. Leigh, by this time apparently a widow, was in very narrow circumstances, and was living in apartments in one of the royal palaces set apart as an asylum for a number of ladies of high birth and narrow fortunes. This appointment was bestowed upon her by Queen Adelaide, the consort of William IV., but was continued by Queen Victoria. We believe that it is never bestowed except upon ladies of unquestioned character.

Being reduced to great straits, Medora endeavored to sell the reversion of this Deed of Acceptance, which was in the hands of her mother. To obtain possession of this deed she wrote to Sir George Stephen, the attorney of Lady Byron, urging that he would endeavor to induce Lady Byron to prevail upon Mrs. Leigh to give up this document. This was in 1840, and brought about the first direct connection, as far as appears, between Lady Byron and Medora, since the time of the fall of the latter. She had, she says, been in childhood the playmate of Ada, the daughter of Lord and Lady Byron, who was born in the same year as herself.

From Lady Byron she received a most kind and affectionate letter, containing money and offers of protection for herself and her child; proposing, also, that she should accompany her to Paris, where Lady Byron proposed to reside for some time.

We now quote from the Autobiography, merely omitting matters of minor importance:

> "At Fontainebleau, where she was detained by illness, Lady Byron informed me of the cause of the interest she felt, and must ever feel, for me. *Her husband had been my father.* She implored and sought my affection by every means, and almost exacted my confidence to the most unlimited extent.... Her only wish, she said, was to provide for me, according to Lord Byron's intentions respecting me, and according to my rank in life. She evinced much anxiety for my health and comfort; expressed indignation for all I had suffered; spoke of the comfort I would be to her, and of the necessity that I should be a devoted child to her. There was a Chancery suit against my mother to obtain of the Deed. All these circumstances decided me on staying with Lady Byron till that should be settled. I received money from her in small sums and presents, but nothing was definitely settled.
>
> "We continued nine or ten months in Paris. At the latter period of this time Ada and Lord Lovelace came over, and I received kindness and promises from both, and was made to feel that I was to be Ada's sister in all things, as I was in reality. In May, 1841, I accompanied Lady Byron to England, and remained for a few months, during which she showed me letters of Lord Byron relating to her separation, which, as she afterward said, might be useful in the Chancery suit.... All this rendered me the more anxious to comply with Lady Byron's earnest wish that I should not leave her, which she used to say would cost her her life."

But things did not run smoothly. The Autobiography continues:

> "Lady Byron's temper caused me great misery, and her strange arrangements were often most painful.... In May, 1842, the Chancery suit was decided, in a way which showed me that I had been in a way sacrificed to my mother's interest. I openly expressed to Lady Byron all that I felt, and my determination of leaving England; and solicited from her the means of doing so. She again continued, as ever, saying that it was for her to provide as Lord Byron would have done; and so on."

Lady Byron, finding her protégée determined to leave England, spoke of the necessity of her having a lady to live with her abroad. To this the willful girl positively objected. Then Lady Byron proposed to give her £150 a year, besides paying the wages of a lady's maid whom she and Ada had selected.

> "I informed Lady Byron," says Medora, "of my belief that it would be impossible for me to live where she proposed, at Hyères, for £150 per annum; that I would endeavor to do so, but that I would not, as in the past, suffer poverty and privation; and that whatever sum, in addition to the £150, should be necessary for my health and Marie's education, I should endeavor to procure in some other way."

The upshot, as we gather from the Autobiography, was that Lady Byron would furnish whatever money was necessary; but that it should be paid into the hands of the woman who had been hired ostensibly as a "lady's maid," but really as a guardian, and that she should account for the manner in which it was spent. Medora wished a man-servant also; and the husband of the "maid," who appears to have been a "courier," was hired for that purpose. The "Deed of Appointment" was deposited with Lady Byron, apparently by way of pledge of future good conduct on the part of Medora, also a box of letters and papers, which Medora says were of the utmost importance. These letters somehow disappeared, and further mention of them crops out in the "History" once or twice in connection with police proceedings for their recovery.

Lady Byron seems toward the last to have kept aloof from her wayward charge, leaving matters to be attended to by Ada and her husband, Lord Lovelace. Ada—so says Medora—"promising to watch over and protect me, assuring me that her mother was deeply attached to me."

Then, on the 22d of July, 1842, Medora, with her maid and man servant, furnished by Lady Byron with sufficient funds for the journey, set out for Hyères, which had been fixed upon as her place of abode. Here Medora spent about a year, during which time she became acquainted with Captain De B——. Then occurred some trouble about the receipt of remittances from Lady Byron. Medora set out for Paris to consult lawyers, and "to endeavor to obtain a more certain and suitable arrangement." She wrote to that effect to Lady Byron, and was not long after waited upon by Doctor King, on behalf of Lady Byron, who in the name of that lady offered to pay her £300 a year, upon certain conditions. What these were, and why not complied with, does not appear from the Autobiography. But Captain De B——, meeting her in the French capital, and utterly destitute, supplied her wants, and enabled her to go to England, where he introduced her to his lawyer, Mr. S——.

Here it should be noted that there is no intimation of any improper relations between Medora and Captain De B——. He appears to have befriended her from pure kindness and compassion, although, being himself a poor man, he was anxious to recover from her wealthy relations the money which he had advanced. The means which he adopted are set forth at some length, mainly in what purport to be, and have the appearance of being, letters from persons of repute. Mr. S—— applied to Dr. Lushington, who had been for more than a quarter of a century in Lady Byron's confidence; but after laying the matter before her ladyship, he returned for answer that he could not induce her to have any further intercourse with Miss Leigh. He, however, advised Mr. S—— to apply to Sir George Stephen, Lady Byron's attorney. Sir George consulted Lady Byron, and said that he would endeavor to obtain from the friends of Miss Leigh a comfortable provision, upon the condition that she would surrender to trustees the Deed of Appointment, as a sacred provision for her child; that she should give a written expression of her sincere contrition for her conduct to Lady Byron; and that she should return to seclusion in France. Medora was willing to agree to the last two conditions, but refused to accede to the first until she had received "an irrevocable obligation for her own support adequate to the surrender which she would thereby make."

For about four months Medora is traceable in London by the begging letters which she wrote to her titled kinsmen. These brought her little or no money. The Duke of Leeds sent her ten pounds, and for the rest she seems to have been wholly dependent upon the bounty of Captain De B——. She made an attempt to see her mother, but was met with the reply, "Not at home." She then wrote to her a letter, which she asked Mr. S—— to forward. This does not appear to have been sent, and is not published in the book; but the editor characterizes it as "haughty, unfilial, and cruel; and of such a nature that we [Mr. S—— and Mr. Mackay], after mature deliberation, have deemed it both expedient and proper to exclude it from these pages."

The last which Mr. S——, Captain De B——, or Mr. Mackay appear to know of this "unfortunate child of sin" is a brief note, dated October 12, 1843, addressed to Mr. S——, signed "Elizabeth Medora Leigh," an answer to be addressed to "Madame Aubin, 18 Aldenham Terrace, Old St. Pancras Road, London." It requests him to appoint a time for accompanying her to a police magistrate, for some purpose not specified. Mr. Mackay, indeed, says that she, "bearing with her her little daughter Marie, disappeared from the great, heartless, busy, cruel world of London, and soon afterward sank into that beneficent grave where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." But he suggests, what Mrs. Stowe's brief allusion renders more than probable, that she had "agreed to all the terms demanded by Lady Byron, and had ended her days in the receipt of her bounty."

It is difficult to imagine any reason why the "editor" of this book should have concealed under the initials Captain De B—— and Mr. S—— the names of two persons who bear an important part in the story. The former, "severely wounded at Waterloo," fifty-five years ago, may be fairly assumed to be no longer living. The latter is expressly affirmed to be still alive, at an advanced age, and unwilling to have his name brought before the public. But if there be such a man, and if, as is affirmed, the letters addressed to him are in the hands of the publisher, and will be shown, the address upon them will declare his identity. Moreover, there is nothing which appears representing the conduct of either of these in a light other than honorable.

The book throws no new light upon the question of the alleged criminality of Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh. It, indeed, shows—assuming it to be genuine—that at a somewhat late period of her life Lady Byron believed such to have been the fact, and that this girl was the offspring of that crime. The editor puts forth an intemperate criticism upon Mrs. Stowe's article; but he says nothing which has not been said before in a much better manner. He also enters into some speculations as to the source whence Lady Byron derived the information which led her—as early as 1840, and probably somewhat earlier—to believe in the criminality of her husband. He thinks it most probable that this authority was Georgiana Trevanion. This conjecture is, as far as now appears, as likely to be true as any other.

There is one circumstance relating to the relations of Lord Byron and his sister which we have never seen referred to in that connection, and which, properly followed up, may possibly throw some light upon the main subject.

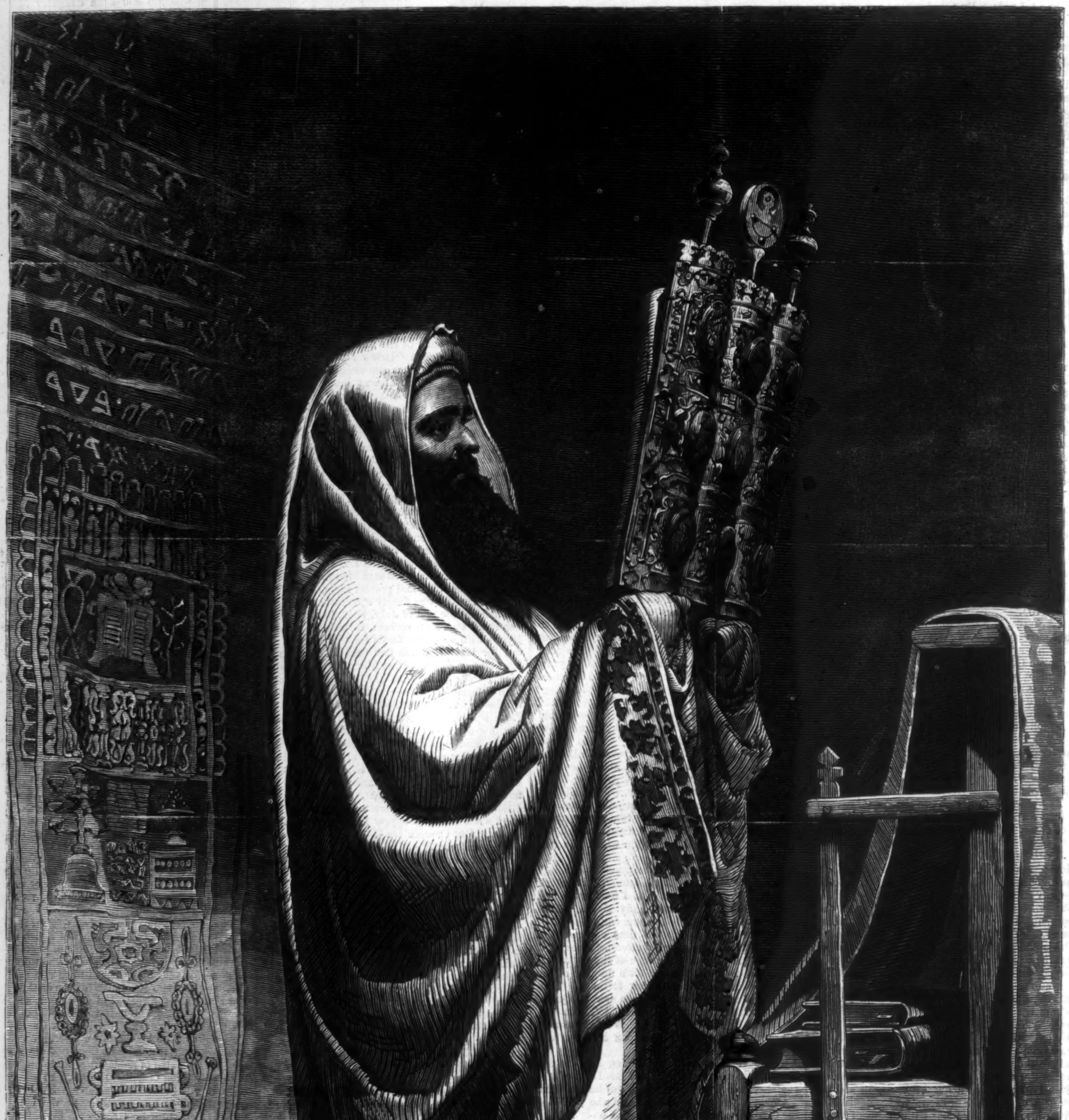
On the 29th day of July, 1815, Byron executed his last will and testament. The date, it will be observed, is seven months, lacking three days, after his marriage, and not quite four and a half months before the birth of his daughter Ada. By this will the whole of his estates, except such part as had at the time of their marriage been settled upon Lady Byron, was bequeathed to his sister Augusta and her children. He thus, as far as lay in his power, cut off from all participation in his estate, his wife, their yet unborn child, and all children who might thereafter be born to them. He also disinherited that cousin who, in default of any son of his own, was the heir of his title. He appears always to have been on excellent terms with this heir, and more than once in writing had expressed his intention of making him the heir of his estates also. This will was never revoked; and soon after the death of Byron was proved before Dr. Lushington, judge and surrogate in the proper court, and the executors named in the will received due letters of administration.

The property thus bequeathed was great; for Byron at the time of his death was a rich man. How it happened that in a couple of years after the time when he was harassed by creditors and bailiffs—his very books levied upon and sold at auction—his debts seem to have been discharged, and himself in the receipt of a large income, we are not informed. But it is certain, that from his first arrival in Italy his revenue was large. Two years before his death we find him considering whether to lend £60,000 (making allowance for the value of money then and now, nearly half a million of dollars) to Lord Blessington, upon mortgage of Irish estates. He lived in every way most expensively; yet, not long before his departure for Greece, we find him stating that his surplus income was 25,000 dollars a year—as much, he remarked, as the salary of the President of the United States. When he set out for Greece he was able, from the accumulations of income, to raise at once 100,000 dollars.

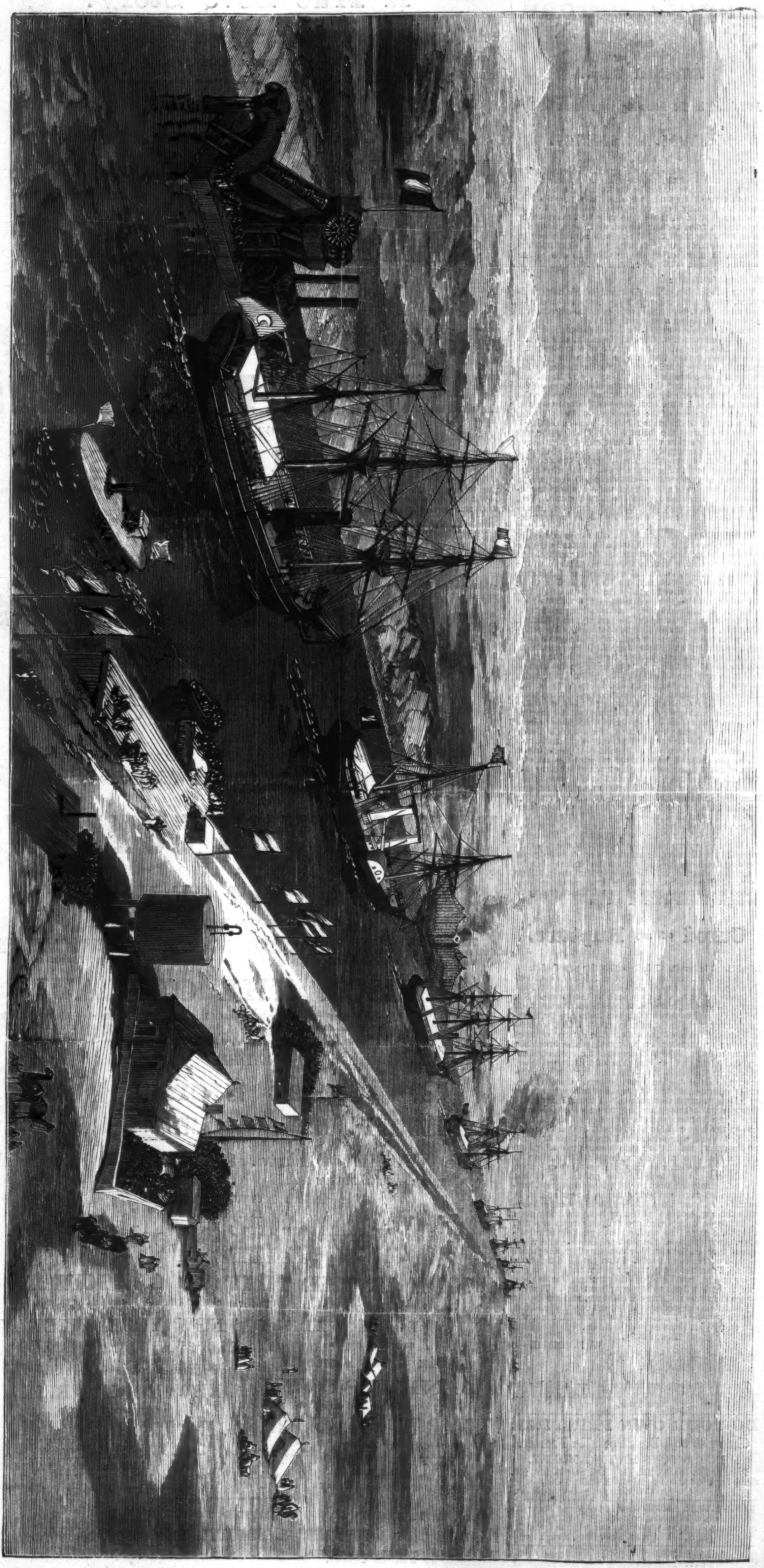
This inexplicable will was made at the time when (if at all) the incestuous intercourse between Byron and his sister was being carried on. It was made within a few weeks of the birth of the child who was the alleged offspring of that incest. If the charge was supported by any valid positive evidence, a strong collateral argument might be found for it in the fact of the will. Again, those who believe in the transmission of moral traits from generation to generation may be pardoned for thinking credible any charge brought against the woman who was the daughter of Lady Conyers, and the mother of Georgiana and Medora Leigh.

Again, notwithstanding this great bequest of Byron, we find, not long after his death, that Mrs. Leigh was living in circumstances far from affluent, and apparently, in a measure at least, dependent upon Lady Byron; while Lady Byron's fortune, as far as we can judge, was greater than is to be accounted for by her inheritance from her uncle, Lord Wentworth. Do not these circumstances indicate that the executors of Byron's will (Hobhouse, his early associate, and Hanson, his business agent for many years), who were sworn to execute that will, and who had the absolute power of selling or transferring the property, privately made it over to Lady Byron and her daughter, the natural heirs? If this were done it could only be with the consent of Augusta Leigh. Under the pressure of what motives could such consent be given?

But these and some other kindred topics open too wide a field for speculation to be here considered at length.



HIGH-PRIEST AT NABLUS READING THE PENTATEUCH.—[SEE PAGE 45.]



THE IMPERIAL YACHT "AIGLE," WITH THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE ON BOARD, PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

Our illustration on this page represents the steam-yacht of the Empress Eugénie, with the accompanying fleet, making the passage of the Suez Canal, on the formal trip which opened this vast enterprise to the commerce of the world. Whatever defects may be found in the canal, this trip proved that a channel of sufficient depth of water to accommodate vessels of considerable tonnage really exists from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and that no obstacles to its navigation exist which money and engineering skill may not in time remove.

READING THE PENTATEUCH AT NABLUS.

In a beautiful valley between Mounts Gerizim and Ebal, about thirty miles north of Jerusalem, lies a handsomely built town of very ancient origin, which now bears the name of Nablûs or Nabulus. The site is described as the most lovely spot in Central Palestine. It lies embosomed amidst groves of olives; and abundant fountains and streams, combined with the genial climate, make it a perpetual garden.

This charming spot has, however, a higher claim than that of natural beauty. Here, for upward of 4000 years—from before the time of Abraham to the present day—the worship of God has been maintained, according to the traditions of the Hebrew patriarchs and the ceremonial established by Moses. The modern town, which is large and well built, contains about 10,000 inhabitants, all of whom are Mohammedans, with the exception of a small community of Samaritans numbering about 170 souls. It stands on the site of the Sichem or Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New Testament, and the Neapolis of the Greeks and Romans, of which name the modern word Nablûs is evidently a corruption. Eusebius and St. Jerome say that the ancient Shechem was a suburb of Neapolis; St. Jerome also maintains that Sychar, in St. John's Gospel (iv. 5), is a corruption of Sichem. Here, it is probable, Abram sojourned when, at God's command, before his name was changed to Abraham, he left his country and kindred in quest of the land of promise, and journeying through Canaan, came to the place of Sichem, and there for the first time pitched his tent and built an altar in the land to be given to his seed. Here, four hundred years later, his descendants, after their long servitude in Egypt and wanderings in the wilderness, first assembled and established themselves on taking possession of the promised inheritance. Here, nearly two hundred years after Abram first encamped, his grandson Jacob spread his tent and dug a well in the field he had bought of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father. Near to it stands at the present time a little village called Sâlim, which it is not very difficult to identify with the "Shalem, a city of Shechem," where Jacob bought the parcel of ground, nor perhaps with the Salem of the high-priest Melchisedek, who set bread and wine before Abram and blessed him. Shechem fell to Ephraim, and was a Levitical city and a city of refuge. Here was Joseph's tomb, and here also was the tabernacle in the time of Joshua, who set up a pillar near it shortly before his death. Here Gideon defeated the Midianites, and Rehoboam was made king. By the side of Jacob's well Jesus sat, wearied with his journey, and conversed with the Samaritan woman, while his disciples went to Sychar to buy meat. The name Neapolis (new town) was given during the occupation of Syria by the Greeks, who probably extended the city to the westward on account of the abundant supply of water in that direction. Simon Magus practiced his sorceries in Neapolis, and Justin Martyr was a native of the same city.

During the destructive wars waged by Justinian against the Samaritans in the first half of the sixth century the nation almost disappeared from history, and in modern times only one community of this people is known to exist—that at Nablûs. According to their local traditions they are doomed to extinction. This small community has in its possession a copy of the five books of Moses which claims to be the oldest book in existence. The Samaritans themselves maintain that it was written by Abishua, the great-grandson of Aaron, fourth high-priest of the Jews, which would make its age about three thousand three hundred years. The opinions of scholars as to its age vary greatly. Most critics do not venture to carry its date beyond B.C. 116, when the temple to which it probably belonged was destroyed. The manuscript Pentateuch is written on a large parchment-like scroll, which is rolled upon two poles, protected by an embroidered cover, and deposited in a richly-ornamented cylindrical case of precious metals opening upon hinges. The ornament at the top of the case is said by the Samaritans to represent the standards of the tribes; the balls represent pomegranates. There are spots in the MS. from the kisses of the Samaritans on the passages where the name of Aaron occurs.

Our engraving on page 44 is taken from a very fine drawing by Mr. Carl Haag, an eminent English water-color artist, who visited the synagogue of the Samaritans at Nablûs during his journey in Palestine; and being much impressed by the noble bearing, and handsome, intelligent, expressive, Semitic countenance of the high-priest, Amran, sought an introduction through Dr. George Rosen, then accredited as Prussian Consul to Jerusalem, but at that time staying at Nablûs. The result was that Mr. Haag was not only permitted to take his easel into the synagogue for the purpose of sketching the place, but the high-priest stood in person, in his robes, and Pentateuch in hand, to enable the artist to make a large finished study of him. The picture is consequently authentic, equally as regards the portraiture and accessories. The priest reads the MS. as represented, holding it high up before him: by turning the pole-handles he unrolls it off the left hand pole over to the right hand one—taking care not to touch the sacred scroll with bare hands. When he has finished reading, the scroll is placed in its case and returned to the tabernacle. The embroidery upon the crimson curtain covering the wall behind the high-priest professes to represent the ancient temple which stood on Mount Gerizim. At the bottom of the curtain appears the porch of the Temple, with two pillars, one on each side, called "Jachin and Boaz;" between which stand two golden candlesticks and a very large vessel in the middle. Higher up, amidst a profusion of ornaments, are trumpets, cymbals, and other ancient musical instruments. Above this, again, the embroidery shows the Court of the Priests, with a square plate in the centre representing the golden altar; on the right of which is a seven-branched candlestick; on the left, the vessel for burning frankincense; and beneath, the table whereon the shewbread is set. Over all, at the top, is represented the Most Holy Place, in the centre of which stands the Ark of the Covenant, with a large vessel on the left, and AARON's rod that blossomed on the right.

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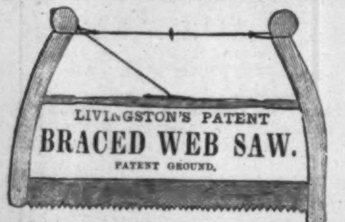
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Effectual Cure.
As related in the following communication by
MR. WM. H. SMITH.

Believing that there is nothing more interesting to a large portion of the people than information concerning a reliable method for the immediate relief and perfect cure of rupture, we cheerfully publish Mr. Smith's statement, earnestly commending it to the serious attention of those who may be interested in the subject, from personal need, or in sympathy for some suffering friend. Mr. Smith is a gentleman in whose statement the most scrupulous can put implicit reliance, in proof of which he refers to one of the largest commercial houses in this city.

To Harper's Weekly:

Your publication of Mr. George Hodge's communication, concerning his sufferings from rupture, and final cure by Dr. Sherman, prompts me to address you the following facts, touching my case:

When I—yes, the whole North—was electrified with the splendid march of General Sherman, and his triumphs in overcoming the rupture of our country, I little dreamed that I should be filled with joy and gratitude toward one bearing a similar name, by his personal assistance in curing a rupture as important to me for health, and the capacity of enjoying the various comforts of life, as the former was, under the General's care, for the soundness of the body politic, and the enjoyment of the blessings of liberty by the entire nation. But such is the fact. I am in ecstacy—unable to express the fullness of my heart—the unbounded satisfaction which I now enjoy, from being relieved and thoroughly cured of rupture. It is truly an affliction, in comparison with which the cholera, the plague, the burning fever are delicate touches from the hand of misfortune—dew-drops in comparison with the weight of a heavy shower—the soft moonbeams to the intense rays of the noonday sun. Yes, rupture is dispiriting, disqualifying a man for the duties connected with active life. He knows his incapacity, his brain falters, his soul trembles, and he becomes a sensitive object of pity, when otherwise his every movement would be illuminated, and marked with the fervor and stamina of a Napoleon. Such comparisons and reflections are but the truth—too truthful to the thinking mind. Yes, I could go farther, and, from my present feelings, exclaim: To be ruptured is to be like the noble captive in chains; and to be cured, like the noble captive released and in the midst of his friends. Would to Heaven I could convey my felicity to every ruptured being in the country, and that Dr. Sherman, in the same instant, could apply his remedies with the same speed and beneficial results as in my case. What an overturning of old theories, what a cessation of woes would then be witnessed throughout the land! My rupture is cured! like the loudest peal of thunder would roll over the plain, through the valleys, leaping from hill-top to hill-top, from mountain-peak to mountain-peak, thence to the clouds, until earth and heaven would be ringing with the praises of Dr. Sherman's genius, in subduing and conquering the most dreaded affliction poor humanity has to bear up against. Indeed, I believe the Doctor's deeds would carry him as deep in the heart of the nation as the General's has, and the olive-branch of peace, borne out by the General, be no more esteemed as an emblem of glory than the wreath, entwined by a myriad of gladdened hearts, and placed upon his brow by the divine touch of gratitude. I write from my heart, and from its abundance could write volumes, did prudence not check me, by reminding me that this is but a simple communication concerning a good thing for the interests of the poor afflicted; for he who is ruptured is poor indeed, though he possess millions. These remarks may be repudiated by those who are not subjects of this affliction, or who have no knowledge of the wretchedness it entails upon its victims; but by the ruptured they will be accepted in their fullest bearing. I am cured. In those three words are embodied my future hope of success from engaging in the active pursuits of life. Yes, I am

Cured of my Rupture.

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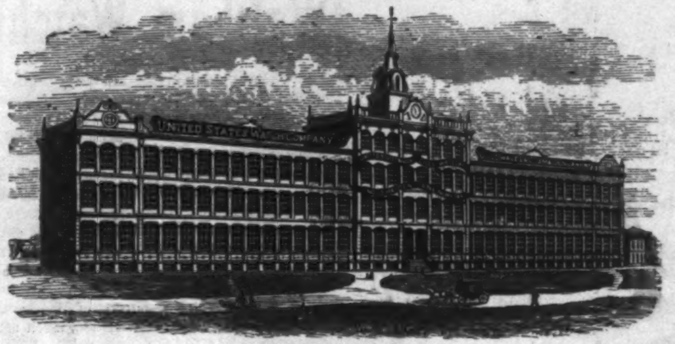

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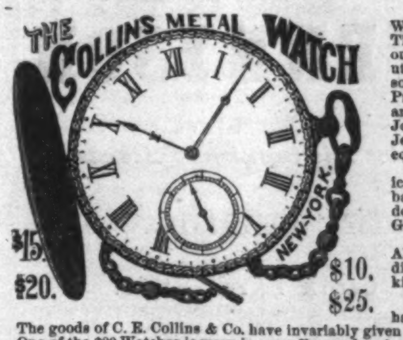

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